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TRAITS

OF

THE TEA PARTY;

BEING A

MEMOIR OF GEORGE R. T. HEWES,

ONE OF THE LAST OF ITS SURVIVORS;

WITH A

HISTORY OF THAT TRANSACTION;

REMINISCENCES OF THE MASSACRE, AND THE SIEGE,

AND OTHER STORIES OF OLD TIMES.

BY A BOSTONIAN.

Benjamin [illegible]

B. B. Thatcher

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,
NO. 82 CLIFF-STREET;
AND SOLD BY THE PRINCIPAL BOOKSELLERS THROUGHOUT THE
UNITED STATES.
1835.

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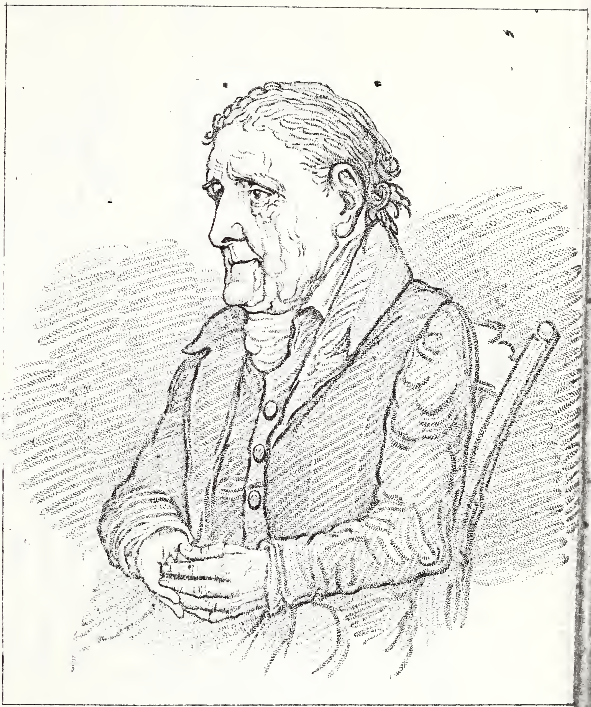

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[Thatcher, Benjamin Bussey] 1809–1840.

Traits of the tea party; being a memoir of George R. T. Hewes, one of the last of its survivors; with a history of that transaction; reminiscences of the massacre, and the siege, and other stories of old times. By a Bostonian. New York, Harper & brothers, 1835.

viii, [9]–265 p. front. (port.) 16cm.

Contains a list of the party, "furnished by an aged Bostonian", of those "more or less actively engaged in or present at the destruction of the tea". It may be correct as to those "present at" the destruction, but it is certainly not trustworthy as to those who did the work. *cf.* Proceedings of the Mass. historical society, v. 13, p. 178.

1. Hewes, George Robert Twelves, 1742–1840. 2. Boston tea-party, 1773. 3. Boston—Hist.—Revolution. I. Title.

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PREFACE.

It is no new thing to speak of the American War of Independence as a great event,—one of the most momentous the world has seen,—the influence of which has been felt already throughout Chistendom, and will be to the end of time. The history of such a period must possess, of necessity, a corresponding interest; and not for Americans only, but for every mind sufficiently enlightened to appreciate justly the illustrations which it furnishes of the character and destiny of the race at large. The more of that history we can learn and preserve, the more of such illustrations we shall have. And we want, for the same reason, the annals, and anecdotes, public and private, of the times which immediately preceded the revolutionary age—the manners and customs of the people of those days—the condition of society;—everything, in a word, which may throw light, as almost everything will, on the more formal and stately chronicles of great leading incidents, which alone commonly pass for what is called *history*—in the absence of a more finished and life-like picture of the past.

Hence the value of the reminiscences of the actors in those scenes, who still survive; and especially of such as participated in those of the first importance, and perhaps acted a prominent part. The number of these worthies, it is true, is not great, and they are rapidly disappearing; but this very circumstance it is which most enhances the interest of the invaluable communications they are able to make. The estimate placed upon them, like the price of the Sibyl's leaves, may well be raised in each revolving year, as page after page of their living records grows more and more dimly legible with the lapse of time, till it drops from the dusty volume, and is lost to us forever.

The subject of the following memoir, it will be found, was engaged, with all the activity characteristic of his constitution of both mind and body, not only in the struggles of the seven-

year's war, but in some of the most interesting of the events which preceded it immediately, and vividly illustrate its spirit, if they did not essentially co-operate (as some of them certainly did,) in bringing it on. To have been, as he was, one of the members of the memorable "TEA-PARTY,"—but especially a principal actor in the scene,—would seem to promise a value for his biography almost peculiar to itself, since very few survivors of that transaction, besides himself, remain. He was also present at the massacre of the 5th of March, and during the whole of it; and was intimately acquainted with most of the circumstances which led to it, and the influences which followed in its train. He was a resident of the besieged city during its "hard times." He became personally involved in both the marine and military movements of the day. In a word, he happened to be one of that comparatively small class of persons who were situated, throughout the contest, and throughout the context of affairs connected with it, in the midst of them, and, as it were, at the central seeing and hearing point. Boston, it cannot be denied, was, and was considered, abroad and at home, the head-quarters of the revolutionary spirit. Faneuil Hall has deserved its name of the Cradle of Liberty. The Otises, the Adamses, the Quincys, the Hancocks, were "foremost men of all the world," in the maintenance and defence of republican principles. Here, always, were the severest resistance, and the greatest trouble and toil experienced by those who tried their experiments on our power of political endurance. "The people of Boston," said a noble Lord, in the debate on the passage of the Port-Bill,—"the people of Boston have been *the ringleaders of all the riots in America;*"* and there was meaning, if not truth, in the remark.

The situation of our hero was indeed, as will be seen, a humble one. He was a man of little education, and of no ostensible political position, beyond what every citizen of firm principles maintained as a private man. He was, however, active, inquisitive, intelligent. His accuracy, as well as his veracity, (as nobody who knows him need be told,) may be entirely relied on. He retains, even to the present extraordinarily advanced period of his eventful life, a strength and clearness in his faculties, not always discoverable in men who are his juniors by a score of years at least. It is evident, in fine, that the testimony of such a personage, upon such subjects, is getting by far too rare and valuable to be neglected.

* London Gentlemen's Magazine, for 1774.

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MEMOIR OF HEWES.

CHAPTER I.

Birth and parentage of the subject of this history.—Question respecting his age settled.—Anecdotes of his childhood.—Sketches of his career at school.—Mistress Tinkum.—Mistress McLeod.—Master Holyoke's administration.—Traits of the state of education in those days.—Small-pox in Boston.—Hewes leaves town for Waltham.

George Robert Twelves Hewes was born in Boston on the 25th of August, 1742, Old Style. This date makes him but ninety-three years of age at the present time; whereas it is well known that recently the public have generally given him credit for about seven years more, while some have even gone so far as to state the precise day on which he would reach his one hundred and first year. Indeed, it must be acknowledged, such has been the belief of the old gentleman himself, and of most of his friends; so much so,—and

so much confirmed from time to time by the statements of persons who were supposed to be tolerably well advised of the facts,—that the idea of distrusting the correctness of the common rumor scarcely suggested itself to any one. One of his fellow-patriots, who served with him at West Point, during the war, in particular, has recently expressed his conviction that his age must be at least equal to the general opinion. Under these circumstances, reference has been made to the best authority, as we consider it,—the records of the city,—and they settle the matter at once as we have stated it. Undoubtedly the veteran, therefore, at the hazard of disaffecting some of his admirers, must be content to be shorn of seven of his false years,—a treatment, by the way, that, even if they were *true* ones, would be submitted to by many of his younger cotemporaries in like circumstances with the utmost resignation.*

His father, George Hewes, was a native of Wrentham, a village some thirty miles

*See appendix, No. I.

distant from Boston. The circumstances of the family were no better than what is called, in New England, '*moderate*,' and probably not quite so good. The grandfather had no means even of educating his son, and he sent him to the city to be bred a mechanic, as he was; and he seems to have made amends pretty well, by his activity, for the lack of the resources of fortune. At all events he was disposed to keep irons enough in the fire. He was a glue-maker, a tanner, a soap-boiler, a tallow-chandler, and we know not what besides; probably, in fact, a Yankee 'Jack-at-all-trades,' and, according to all accounts, a pretty '*cute*' man at the worst. His sign was the Bull's Head and Horns, and his yard, with his house—the old gambrel-roofed, diamond-paned tenement in which Robert first saw the light—stood where Merchants' Hall has been in later times,—Water Street,—on the left side going down, just opposite a somewhat notorious establishment of like description, belonging to one Bassy. The latter was on the corner

of Horn Lane (now Bath Street.) Robert had the misfortune to lose, at an early age, the advantage of the guidance of this worthy man; he died suddenly, in his chair, at the fireside, as did several other members of his family, in much the same way.

The circumstance, doubtless, had its effect upon his course of education, which, it is known, in those days was considerably more than now a matter of accident or luck. We are so abundantly provided in these times, and especially in the city, with the 'appliances and means to boot,' for the due improvement of the mind and manners of almost every child in the community, and so accustomed to these privileges by long use, that it hardly occurs to us, and cannot, indeed, be readily appreciated, how different was the situation of our predecessors, and of the ante-revolutionary age in particular, in the same respect.

Prior to 1684, for example, there is no reason to believe that more than one public school was supported in the town of Boston;

and yet it would by no means be alleged with propriety that the citizens of this place were behind any of their cotemporaries in their disposition to promote the cause of common education. Two hundred years ago,—to wit, in April, 1635,—the Boston records show how it was "agread upon that our Brother Philemon Pumont shd be entreated to become scholemaster for the teaching and nourtering of children with us." Not long subsequent appears on the last leaf of the oldest volume of the archives, a subscription, of which the first line plainly reads, '*towards the maintenance of* ——, *free school-master*,' —headed by governor Vane with ten pounds, and seconded by deputy-governor Winthrop with the same sum. In 1641, the rents of Deer Island, in the harbor, were appropriated for the benefit of the school; and other income, at other times, in like manner. In a word, great interest was manifested in the support of the means of instruction. Boston was a liberal-minded town. Still, there were no more than *five* public schools here, previ-

ous to the Revolution—three of these being for writing. From the Annual Report (published in the year of the birth of Hewes) of the "certain number of gentlemen of liberal education, together with some of the reverend ministers," appointed by law for this purpose, it appears that the pupils present at the last preceding examination were, in all the schools, only 535, though there is every reason to suppose that the attendance of the children was pretty rigorously secured on these occasions, and the population of the town, at this time, was by census no less than 16,382.

This curious subject—the progress of the means of popular cultivation—is strikingly illustrated by the case of another soap-boiler and tallow-chandler's son,—a Boston Boy of a little earlier period—we mean Benjamin Franklin. He had probably the advantages of most lads of his age, for he had intelligent parents; and their good opinion of his capacity, as well as their own pecuniary ability, are indicated by the fact, which he states

himself, that they proposed to make a minister of the boy. They put him to school at *eight*, with that view—not to mention that a worthy uncle encouraged his young ambition by an offer to loan him several volumes of *manuscript* notes of sermons—(written in a cramp hand which nobody could read but himself,)—such then was the rarity and value of books.

Franklin acknowledges that he tried twice to learn arithmetic from the treatises in vogue without success, though it is well understood now-a-days that he lacked neither perseverance nor shrewdness. His geometry he acquired from a book on navigation; his logic and rhetoric—and he was self-taught in all these things—from meagre little sketches at the end of what passed for an English grammar. He seems to have been some sixteen years of age, when he speaks of meeting for the first time, as if it were an era in his life, with an odd volume of the 'Spectator.' That he was as eager as most boys to get what reading he could, might be inferred,

were evidence wanting, from the circumstance of his appropriating for the purchase of books the pittance he contrived to save in his brother's printing office, out of his board, by living simply on bread and water, with the occasional luxury of a bunch of raisins, or a tart, from the pastry cook's Such were the facilities in Boston for the diffusion of useful knowledge, twenty years before our hero came upon the stage. Nor had they altered much in that time. But to return.

His father also, it seems, had entertained the project of "making a minister, or *something*," (to use the old gentleman's phraseology,) of *him;* and as he selected him for this destination from a family of six sons, (there were five daughters besides) and was, as we have already intimated, in no condition to cherish extravagant plans for the gratuitous accommodation of his little army of bread-eaters, it furnishes, in our opinion, a reasonable inference as to the estimate which was made at this time of his apparent qual-

ifications for doing honor to the house of Hewes. The clerical project, however, was abandoned of necessity. It only remained for him, according to his father's program, as before quoted, to "make *something*,"—like a good many other Yankee boys—in the best way he could manage the matter for himself. How indifferent his means were, will soon be seen.

He was employed chiefly in running on small errands for the family about town. In this humble capacity, he had little but the advantage (if such it was) of commencing betimes the career of adventure which has since been sustained on a greater scale. His mother sent him one day to a ship-yard to get chips for fuel. He undertook to discharge this duty by running about among the lumber which lay in all directions over the water, amusing himself with watching the manœuvres of the fish below. The next measure, of course, was to tumble in; and being but six years of age, and alone, it proved a bad business, as he sank directly to

the bottom, in a depth of some seven feet. Luckily, the carpenters in the neighborhood noticed his disappearance, and were guided to the spot by the basket which he judiciously left on the wharf. They found him motionless on the bottom, hooked him out with a boat-hook, and rolled him on a tar-barrel till signs of life were discovered; when he was transferred to his mother's care. She, good lady, restored him to health by diligent regimen in the course of a fortnight—and then flogged him—deeming it too fair an opportunity for "adorning a moral," to pass for nothing.

The education he was able to get during these few years of his errantry, consisted, so far as literary matters were concerned, in learning to read and write tolerably well. For these accomplishments he was in the first instance indebted to "*Miss Tinkum,*" the worthy spouse of the town-crier, who lived and labored at the bottom of Water Street, in what was called Oliver's Dock,—

having a school for both boys and girls in one of the rooms of her own domicil.

This learned lady, by the way, seems to be entitled to the credit of introducing the infant-school system, which some persons have recently imagined to be wholly an improvement of later days. At all events, she taught the children to sing their A-B-A Bs into shape, after the most approved fashion, —of which our honored veteran still retains a recollection sufficiently distinct to enable him to repeat the formula, with all its quirks and quavers, just as it used to go in the year when, according to the old chronicles, "several buildings were burned in Water Street, where one George Hewes had a tan-yard." Peace to "Miss Tinkum's" bones!—she was a kind-hearted old lady;—indeed, rather too much so, we fear, for the best good of roguish boys in the school,—whereof one 'document' remains as follows:—She had a closet attached to the hall of learning—a particularly dark Black-Hole of a place—which was used as a succedaneum for the rougher

remedies of stocks and sticks, and other devices of cruelty, in those times commonly employed by all teachers on the Twackum plan,—which comprised a very considerable portion of the craft.

Young Hewes, whose Whig blood was just stirring, ran away from school one day, and Miss Tinkum put him in durance vile therefor, when he returned. He was five years old at this era, and not suspected of the spirit which was destined to vent itself on the *tea*. He discovered an old iron hinge, after diligent search; commenced a complete Baron Trenck excavation; and finally pried himself out, and, as he states the case, "deserted." The next day, she shut him up again. The boy bore it with an exemplary resignation; but thinking it poor policy to be idle, when there was any thing to be done, cast about in the dark, among shelves and corners, to find something to eat. He discovered, at length, a pot of suspicious flavor, which proved to be full of a capital quince marmalade. The rest of his leisure

now passed off much to his satisfaction.—Whether the secret of his fortitude was ascertained, history saith not—but he was never confined in the dark closet again. Such was Boston "School-keeping," in those days.

Another of his school-mistresses was "*Mother McLeod*," commonly so called by the boys; but of her dynasty he remembers nothing which can be reckoned among the traits of the times. Next came our famous old master Holyoke, who then kept his private school on or about *Pemberton Hill*, as the ground has been latterly known, but now no more. Here, it is to be hoped, he learned something, and behaved tolerably well,—though his modesty prevents his enlarging much on his own good deeds. He remembers, on the contrary, little more than a series of escapes, made or attempted, from the reign of the birch!

The virtue of veracity, however, was his; he never denied a true charge. He played truant one day, and was 'called out' for it the next morning. He gave no explanation,

and the old gentleman in spectacles sent him into the lobby, to stand out with a rod raised over his head in his own hand, after a fashion of torture well understood by some boys, we suspect, even in these days of degenerate discipline. It was very warm, and Hewes was soon tired of the arrangement. The school-room and lobby were in the second story, but the stairs were not far distant, and the door at the bottom, wide open, gave him a tempting glimpse of the clear street. He dropped the rod, and rushed down stairs. The movement was discovered at once. Master Holyoke was too dignified a functionary to punish the little rebel in person; but he was too much of a disciplinarian, on the other hand, to wink at so enormous an outrage. Pompey, the school negro, was ordered after him. A chase commenced directly, which drew the attention of the school, not to say the whole vicinity. Poor Hewes looked behind him, and beheld his opponent gaining rapidly upon him, with dismay. A thought occurred to him. He suffered Pom-

pey to overtake him, and just as he rushed up, in his eagerness to accomplish his errand, to seize the runaway by the shoulder, the latter very quietly made way for his farther progress, by suddenly falling flat in the street, leaving the blackamoor to beat his limbs against the edge of the side-walk, at about the distance of a rod from the place of collision. Robert disappeared in another direction, in the twinkling of an eye.

The next day he went to school as usual, expecting, doubtless, a strict regimen; but whether the old gentleman had merged his indignation at the breach of law in his admiration of the nicety of this novel manœuvre, or for whatever reason, the subject was never referred to again.

He had no more difficulty in school, though once he came very near it. He had been late or absent one morning, when his mother, at his request, gave him a note to "the Master," which was the usual mode of escaping punishment for such an offence. She complied readily, and he went on his way

rejoicing, till, as he passed by the house or shop of his uncle Robert—for whom he was named, and always a great friend of his—he was questioned a little about his late hours, and called in. "Well, Bob, what's that you have in your hand?" asked the good man, as he was sending him off again with a word of advice. The lad offered the paper for inspection. His uncle questioned him farther. He told all the truth of the case, as usual, without hesitation, confessing his misdemeanor, but rejoicing in his '*excuse*,' which, however, turned out to be a request for Master Holyoke to give poor Robert a sound whipping, duly signed by Abigail Hewes herself. He began to cry, and his uncle began to write. He gave him another paper, differently worded, and every syllable of which he will remember to the last hour of his life.

"Well, Robert," said the good lady when he returned, "what did the Master say to you?"

"Nothing, ma'am—only to sit down."

"Only to sit down! was that all?"

"Yes, ma'am!" said the boy, pulling his hat a little over his eyes.

The old lady pondered the matter a moment. "Did you call at your uncle's, Bob?" said she.

"Yes, ma'am!"

"Ah-ha! you did, indeed! Well, remember this, Bob, if you run away again, *I shall go to school with you myself.*"

He took the hint, and profited by it, so that matters went on very well, till the school was broken up, we are told, by the *small-pox.* This was probably in 1752, as it raged that year to such an extent as to carry off between five and six hundred persons in the town alone. There had been no such ravages of this disorder since 1730, when its prevalence prevented the centennial celebration of the settlement of the place. Nine years before that, over eight hundred persons had died by it in one season. It is probable, also, that this event was the occasion of our

hero's closing, for a time, his life in Boston. He went to reside with an uncle at Wrentham.

CHAPTER II.

Anecdotes connected with the name of Twelves.—Rev. Mr. Prince of the Old South.—The Christening.—An adventure at Roxbury.—Mr. Williams's apples.—Sambo, his slave.—Widow Pearson.—Scene at Bachelor's Hall.—End of the apple adventure.—Apprenticeship to shoe-making.—Some notice of the amiable Mr. Downing, cordwainer, and how that connection was broken up.—Fishing on the Grand Bank.

We have alluded to the uncle of Hewes, for whom he was named. We might have stated before, in a more seasonable connection, how much he was favored in this respect. Besides his father and Robert, it will be noticed that a third person was intended to be honored in the baptismal rite, and hence the origin of a portion of the cognomen which it would be otherwise no easy matter to explain. It seems that his mother had a great

uncle, of the name of Twelve, or Twelves, for whom she entertained the highest respect—so much so, that nothing would satisfy her but to append his designation also to the rest. It proved the occasion of some inconvenience to him, which began as early as his christening itself. That ceremony was performed at the Old South Church, as appears from its records, on the 26th of September, 1742—a confirmation, by the way, of the correctness of the date at which we have settled his birth, above. Dr. Sewall and the Rev. Thomas Prince were at this period associated in the pastoral charge—(which union continued for the remarkable term of forty years.) All the records of baptisms, during this time, are in Mr. Sewall's hand-writing; and an "S" in pencil-mark attached to many of them, is supposed to indicate the cases in which the ceremony was performed by the senior associate. In this instance it is wanting, and the inference is, that Mr. Prince officiated—which construction, according to some descriptions else-

where given of that reverend gentleman, agrees with the accounts of the occasion reported to Hewes. His parents carried him forward to receive the ordinance, and the good man met them at the font. The congregation rose and looked on:

"What is his name to be?" whispered the pastor to the father, who held the boy in his arms.

"George Robert Twelves Hewes."

"George—what did you say?—George Rob" —

The poor man told him again, but being embarrassed a little, rather made the matter worse by his mumbling, till the sharper tones of his pastor's voice provoked him to raise his own somewhat immoderately, and so much to the edification of the assembly, that the name was probably never forgotten by those who heard it. It would seem that Mr. Prince himself was not one of *that* number, as the outlandish (Welch) denomination which occasioned the scene, appears on the

record mis-spelt *Twells*—spelt so, at least; perhaps the Doctor was in the right of it, after all.

Speaking of the name, our conscience enjoins us to expose Hewes on the score of a rather sorry scrape, in which it gave him some trouble. During some of the days of his apprenticeship in Boston, which we shall come to presently, he undertook, in company with a lad in the same shop, and three others, to use up a holiday, allowed the boys in town on the occasion of one of those trainings of the municipal soldiery, much more respectfully regarded in old times than in ours. It was the season of young fruit, and (we fear, in reference to that fact,) a council of war, called to mature the plan of campaign, resolved upon an excursion to Roxbury. Accordingly, they trudged on till they came to old Mr. Williams's farm, where, as they passed the barn, by the road-side, they noticed his workmen getting in hay, and, among the rest, a negro,—probably a *slave* in the family,—whom a sauce-box in

the party took the liberty to address under the title of '*Snow-ball.*'

The result is new proof of the policy of good manners. Sambo took the matter in high dudgeon, and straightway went to his master—not knowing how better to do himself justice—and informed him minutely of every thing in the appearance of the boys which he considered portentous of foul play. They, meanwhile, went on their way, but unhappily took it into their heads to deviate from its even tenor, at a certain point in the route, where appeared a most tempting opportunity to try the flavor of the old gentleman's fruit—a breach of decorum which we shall make no attempt to justify. The bags above-mentioned were all filled, indeed, with the Esquire's apples, and the holders were just on the brink of starting off for town with their booty—it being near dark—when suddenly, and with a consternation not to be described, they descried Mr. Williams on horseback, making his way towards them at a rapid pace, and followed by several of

his people in the same style, while the figure of Sambo, scrambling after them over the hollows, on foot and bareheaded, was dimly observable now and then, in the rear. There was no time even for retreat. Robert had barely leisure to rip open the frock coat which he carried, sewed up at one end and tied at the other, to answer the purpose of a sack, and pour out the contents in a deep ditch, half full of dirty water, which happened to be near by. Their pursuers came up; some investigation ensued, and poor Twelves, who made no denials of the truth—that was one good thing in him, at all events—was compelled to descend into the ditch, up to his middle in mud, and gather the ill-starred plunder again. To make a long story short, they were marched up to the house, and paraded into the "Justice's Room," and a light and stationery were brought in, when the old gentleman mounted his spectacles, and an examination commenced. "What is *your* name, boy?"—he enquired sternly of a little fellow, in a short jacket, who trembled all-

over as he spoke. He was too much frightened to answer; and so were the other three. Robert was ordered out:

"What is this boy's name?"—said the Justice.

"Daniel Hewes, Sir," answered Robert; the boy was his youngest brother.

"Well, who are these?" He told the names of all.

"And what is *your* name—hey?"

"George Robert Twelves Hewes."

"George Robert *what?*—you young rascal—none of your stuff here! what is your name, I say?"

Robert never suspected that his veracity could be distrusted. He looked the Esquire, with a most dogged gravity, directly in the eye, and repeated,—"George—Robert—*Twelves*—Hewes,"—laying some stress on the obnoxious word.

"You lie, you young rascal!" roared the Esquire, losing all his dignity in his wrath. He rose from his big chair, and threatened him with a cow-skin, and then questioned

him again. The answer, and the manner, were still the same—precisely. The boys were by this time in full chorus of blubbering, nearly frightened out of their wits; but George moved not a muscle:

"And why don't *you* cry, too?"—asked the Justice.

"I *can't* cry, Sir!"

George was so honest in all this, and looked so innocent, that the old gentleman, who, if not like Mr. Croaker, "the best-natured," was by no means the stoniest-hearted man in the world, began to relent. The question of the name, which had chiefly nettled him, was finally settled by an appeal to the testimony of one of George's good aunts, the 'Widow Pearson,' who resided in this neighborhood. Four of the party were discharged, on condition of making immediate confession to their several masters in town. George was detained awhile longer, but finally released, and upon like conditions; and the whole party, pretty well convinced, by this time, of the common-place truth that

honesty is the best policy, jogged slouchingly over the Neck into town. George never asked whether the other boys kept their promise;—he told his master the whole story, the very next morning, and that was the last of it, excepting that good Mr. Williams, meeting him afterwards in the market, took occasion to advise him, in a friendly way, to come and ask for the apples the next time, and promised to give him what he wanted.

The impression of this adventure sank deep on his mind, as plainly appears from a single fact.—Three of his elder brothers, at this period, more or less engaged in the fishing business, and in the supply of fishing-vessels, kept 'bachelor's-hall' together, near some of the wharves. George used to call there, to see them, at leisure moments, and took a hand with them, sometimes, by special courtesy, in a clam-soup, or a chowder, as the case might be. One evening, not long after the apple adventure,—but when he supposed that his brothers, if perchance they had got any inkling of his disgrace, had for-

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gotten it,—he ventured into their quarters, as he was going home from his work. They were all on the spot—the toils of the day finished—the lamp lighted—and the chairs drawn up cheerily about a most comfortable-looking wood-fire, where one of the junto, who acted as chief cook, was roasting a fat hind-quarter of lamb. George, not greatly pampered now-a-days at home, was, without much importunity, persuaded to remain to supper. Matters went on very well, till the table came to be set, and the party to gather about it. George was drawing his chair to the scene of action. His brother Samuel had already taken his:

"Shubael!"—he shouted, just at this moment—"Shube, I say!—what shall we do for *apple-sauce?*"

George didn't wait for the answer. He forgot his appetite, though the savory viands smoked just before him. He seized his hat, made for the door, and thundered down stairs, into the street, and never stopped to

look behind him till he was snugly nestled in the chimney-corner at home.

It was full six months before he called at the Bachelor's Hall, after this. "Why, Bob!"—said Samuel, one day in the street,—"why don't you come and see us, now-a-days?" "Oh, Sam! you know—them apples!"—Bob answered, with some hesitation. The fisherman laughed, but assured him they should never be mentioned again; and they never were; and *that*, rather, we should have said, was the end of the apple adventure.

We have spoken of Sambo, above, as a *slave*. Most of our readers are, doubtless, aware of the fact that the system of personal servitude was, about the date of this little narrative, in its ripest state at the North. There were probably never more than 5,000 slaves in Massachusetts, but this was at just about the period when Hewes was coming upon the stage. They were imported constantly from Africa to this port. The celebrated Phillis Wheatley, for example—the

self-taught poetess—was brought in, at seven years of age, in 1761. The Boston papers of those days were all of them more or less filled, from week to week, with advertisements of slaves; sometimes singly, and sometimes in 'lots;' sometimes naming them and sometimes not; to be sold, perhaps, or wanted to buy, or to be given away, or run away;—in a word, advertisements in all forms, much as they appear now-a-days where slavery exists, and very much as they appear in the Boston papers of these times respecting *cattle* and *sheep*. I have seen, in one of the old Boston pints of 1764, which is now before me as I write, a 'likely negro boy' published in this way to be sold, in the same advertisement with '*a black moose*, about three months old.' Here is another, which I copy from the same paper:

'Cesar, a negro fellow, noted in town by having no legs, is supposed to be strolling about the country. If he can be brought to the printers for one dollar, besides necessary expenses, it shall be paid.'

One gentleman, in the same paper, informs his customers and the public that he has just opened his goods for sale in *Cornhill*, near the Post-Office, where he will sell them hardware, by wholesale and retail, for ready money; and then he goes on to say that '*a good price will be given for a likely negro boy*, from 16 to 20 years of age, if he can be well recommended.'

Mr. Hewes has some curious reminiscences relating to this subject. Cargoes were commonly disposed of at auction, but it was no uncommon thing for people in town, who wanted a slave, to go on board of a vessel on its arrival at the wharf, and make a private bargain. Ladies, who could not attend auctions, could do this, and Hewes speaks of his mother's once buying a small girl in this way, at the rate of *two dollars a pound*—which was probably a custom (as he states) in regard to children under a certain age or size.

These incidents were all subsequent to George's return from Wrentham, where he

spent several years of his boyhood, but so quietly, in the monotonous routine of his uncle's farm, that of this period he remembers but little, and we shall pass it over.

The three years which he spent in the fishing business, chiefly at sea, and most of it about the Grand Banks, were not much more eventful, though the hardships they imposed upon him, and the close contact into which they brought him with his fellow-men, no doubt were of service in fitting him for the life he was destined to lead. It is creditable to him, that he resisted successfully, during this period of exposure, the temptations to intemperate habits, which, perhaps, in no other circumstances are as strong. The crew, and the captain, in one instance, (all Irish,) were drunk daily for weeks together, though, chiefly by the prudent management of Hewes, they were finally kept sober enough to get their " fare " of fish in fine style, and at the end of the three months found the amount to exceed nine hundred quintals.

A little skill which Hewes had acquired at shoe-making, turned to good Yankee account, also, on some of these occasions. At Maladieu, especially, where they put in to dry a cargo, he luxuriated at the house of a man named Neal, making shoes for his daughters, at a quintal of fish (about $5) a pair. Let a Yankee alone for the main chance. It must be hard times indeed when he starves to death.

On his return from his fishing life, as probably at intervals in the course of it, he resumed shoe-making. His first master in this craft was a man named Downing, who seems to have been less distinguished for his amiable temper, than for his good shoes. Perhaps there was some excuse for an occasional out-breaking, in the pranks of his apprentices—a class of persons whose science it seems to have been in *those* days to harass their masters as much as they possibly could without getting flogged for it—(something as the Indians tormented General Putnam, when a prisoner among them, by tying

him to a tree; and hurling hatchets within an inch of his head, without hitting him,)—and even, indeed, at the expense of an occasional suggestion of that sort at their hands. However, the domestic discipline of those times, among some classes, at least, was not so remarkable for delicacy, perhaps, as for rigor. There was not much of the "symbolical" regimen, so well thought of now-a-days, by such parents, teachers, and employers, as are crazy enough to doubt whether the benefit imparted by a course of instruction, is in precise proportion to the number of opportunities it offers for pummelling a principle into the subject of its application. The learned Mr. Combe mentions a conscientious old acquaintance of his, who pursued this practice so regularly with his boys, as to make such brutes of them all, that they actually abstracted his money from his pockets, to spend in riotous living; and who consoled himself as well as he could by the consideration that it was not for the lack of fatherly interest in their 'education,' that they

turned out such outrageous scoundrels;—"he had *beat* them till he was tired of it—humanity could do no more!" Our cordwainer was worthy of an usher's place in this good man's school.

It is our duty, we suppose, to state how this connection with Downing was broken up. Hewes had a fellow apprentice in the shop,—named John Gilbert,—whose father, a Dutchman, lived somewhere at the South End. One Saturday evening,—after a hard week's work, very likely,—it occurred to John that a supper, a touch above the vulgar viands of the cordwainer's humble board, (which were *very* frugal—that was a palliation for the sally,) would relish well, and perhaps inspire them with fresh vigor for the trials of the coming week. They bought what was called a 'half crown' loaf at a baker's, and a pound of butter somewhere else on the route, calculating, (with a sagacity worthy of Boston boys,) as it was now a little past *eight* o'clock, that old Mr. Gilbert and his family would have retired for the night some

time before. Such proved to be the case, and the doors were fastened. John, however, knew the "open sesame" of the mansion; and he practised upon it more adroitly than Ali Baba at the cave, for he speedily succeeded in finding comfortable *quarters* in the kitchen within, instead of leaving his own hanging, (as Ali was foolish enough to do) over the door-way. To make a long matter short, they kindled a fire, boiled a pot of coffee—more of a rarity, by the way, than it has been since*—toasted the bread, and got up, in fact, a respectable sort of a supper. The only difficulty was, that the clock struck *ten* before they had fairly done. Had it been *twelve*, and the boys *ghosts*—which their proceedings on this occasion by no means proved—they could not have been

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* But much *less* so, also, in town, than in parts of the country round about, even at no great distance. It is recorded, for example, in the History of Haverhill, that a party of Boston gentlemen, who rode out to that place, took coffee with them to be boiled at the tavern, and that their hostess cooked it as she would have done the same quantity of beans, and brought it on reduced to a poultice, with a large lump of pork in the middle!

more startled. Nine o'clock was the curfew-time at the latest, and for apprentices, of all others, to remain out beyond that, was heinous indeed—especially in the eyes of our amiable master Downing. Not without trepidation, therefore, did they draw near home. All was silent. No ray of a light illumined the neighborhood. The fire was raked up, and the door bolted. The click of the time-piece could be heard distinctly behind it. They reconnoitred warily, but found no approach to the loft in which they were lodged. It was a matter of necessity to knock—and they knocked away, desperately, till all cracked again. They routèd the old man out, after a while, and he came thundering down stairs, with night-cap on head, and a cow-skin, dimly noticeable to the keen eyes which watched him at a respectful distance, as he abruptly opened the door a little way, and harshly interrogated the boys. The interview was unsatisfactory. He was not so scrupulous as some men in his manners—and he averred, in his delicate

language, that he would flog the young rascals to their hearts' content,—a stipulation which they respected his sincerity too much to distrust for a moment. He retreated to dress himself—which thus far he had forgotten to do—and they, on the other hand, prepared to receive him, by setting a number of wash-tubs before the door, in something like the arrangement of a battery of Leyden jars. Downing made his debut directly—swearing like a pirate, and as eager for vengeance as ever that egregious monster in the old story was for "the blood of an Englishman." He rushed forward with the force of a tiger's leap from a jungle—tumbled into one tub—and over another—and finally brought up, flat on his back, at the distance of about two rods. His light was extinguished, and his legs bruised most horribly. He howled murder! The boys scrambled out of his reach. The windows in the vicinity began to be raised. Mrs. Downing had hoisted hers by this time; her head was run out, and she screamed murder

too, at the top of her gamut. George availed himself of the confusion to make a rush for his chamber. Downing recovered his feet, and limped after him. He reached his room, and fastened the door, and then opened the scuttle overhead, which gave access to the roof; but his pursuer at length retreated to have his wounds bound up, and George took that opportunity to let in his comrade by a window.

The next day was Sunday, and such was the force of public sentiment, if not of any special scruples in the conscience of our cordwainer himself,—whose tenderness on this topic we much distrust,—that nothing would have tempted even *him* to violate the sanctity of this occasion, by an assault on the persons of those under his charge, however benevolently parental in its purpose. This the boys well knew, and they sat at his fire and his table as composedly that day, as as though magic had paralyzed his arm. Not a word was said, but they took their '*measures*' like shrewd apprentices in the trade

of tricks, and shoes, as they were. Monday morning, before day-break, they rose, and, taking their little bundles of baggage in their hands, quietly walked off, and shut the door after them, and that was the end of the reign of Downing.

CHAPTER III.

The French War.—Hewes undertakes to enlist.—His examination.—Captain Cox.—Failure to enter the navy.—Goes back to the last.—Harry Rhoades.—A good deed.—Anecdotes of John Hancock.—Thomas Hancock.—Small-pox.—Sundry trials of the times.—Shoes, cheese, moose-skins, and other matters of moment.—Adam Colson.—How Hewes got Sally Sumner to wash for him, and what the consequence was.

Hewes was tired of shoe-making by this time; and having always felt a disposition for the military, he resolved to avail himself of the opportunity now offered by the breaking out of the French war, to indulge it. He went to the 'Rendezvous,' and Gilbert went with him, and there they both enlisted

and mounted cockades. But alas, for the vanity of martial glory! they had yet to "pass muster!" They went to the office of the muster-master for that purpose, and were examined. John was admitted. Hewes, greatly to his chagrin, failed by an inch, or more—the only occasion in the course of his life which ever induced him to wish for the addition of a cubit to his stature. Indeed, it was more than a wish;—Hewes was no character for regrets without efforts. He went to the shoe-shop of some acquaintance, and heightened his heels by several taps, and then stuffing his stockings with paper and rags, returned to the rendezvous. There he induced Captain Cox* to have him examined again, under the notion of a mistake the first time; but the trick was discovered. These were the times that 'tried men's *soles*'.

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* Probably James Cox, a mill-wright, who afterwards went to Maine, and died in Hallowell, of which he was one of the first settlers, at the age of 74. The tradition among his descendants now is, that he commanded a company at Louisburg, and was attached to the party which took the first gun captured.

in a sense which Hewes was unprepared for. He gave up the military, in despair, for the present.

He then concluded upon going to sea.—There was a ship of war, of twenty guns, (Captain Sampler,) lying at the North End, and he went down aboard and engaged for a cruise. His brothers, however, soon heard of it, and interfered. He was compelled to abandon that plan, also—a sacrifice then more regretted, probably, than when, a few months afterward, he heard of the ship having gone down in a storm, on the Banks of Newfoundland, with every life on board.

The fates (if they superintended such matters) seemed to be in favor of the old business, after all; they were determined to try the adage upon him—"*ne sutor ultra crepidam,*"—which is as much as to say—"let every cobbler stick to his last." Hewes stuck to *his*, at any rate. He went to a man in the trade by the name of Rhoades, commonly called Harry Rhoades,—an Irishman and a clever fellow,—who kept opposite old

Faneuil Hall, (which memorable edifice, by the way, dates back to the same season with our hero himself.) Rhoades gave him about $40 for the remainder of his minority.

The use which he made of this money, or part of it,—and he probably never had been the owner of such an immense sum before,—is highly creditable to him, and, we think, also truly characteristic of his real disposition. Poor old Downing was, about this period, utterly burnt out,—house and shop,—fairly ruined,—perhaps by the great fire in Purchase Street, on the 22d of October, 1748; but more probably in that conflagration of the 9th of December previous, which destroyed the Town-House; we have not distinctly understood from Mr. Hewes either where the establishment was located, or precisely the date of the fire. At all events, Downing was a ruined man. Hewes heard of the circumstances,—it was no great affair for a story to go all over town in those days,—and his heart melted within him. The old man, desperate of doing any thing more

in Boston, had concluded to migrate to Nova Scotia, and with his wife and children, and such little chattels as he had been able to save, or to get; went with this view on board an Eastern coasting-vessel that lay at Hancock's wharf. Hewes found it out before he sailed, went down aboard to cheer him in his afflictions, and gave him, finally, one half of his little fortune,—and, probably, at this time, something more,—to wit, the sum of *twenty dollars*, in cash. The old man could scarcely believe his eyes. He cried like a child, and so did his wife—good woman. He was indebted to both of them (bating the starvation) for *some* favors now and then, and he pitied them all from the very bottom of his heart. The memory of this scene is still vivid in the mind of Hewes. Long may it be so. It did him more good than all the money he ever received in the course of his life. He came away a happier and a better man than he went there, and the veteran's features light up even now with a gleam of rejoicing pride, when he thinks of the tears

of delight in the eyes of the poor shoemaker and his wife. One of the first things they did with the money was to purchase a cow; and there was still enough of it left,—for money went a good way then,—to make them comfortable, at least, on the passage.

Harry Rhoades, as we have intimated, was an honest man, and a kind master, and George served his time out with him, faithfully in all things, to the last hour; he remembers to this moment the precise number of years, months, and days, which he owed him when he left Downing.

It was about this time that he became acquainted personally with *John Hancock*, who, at this period, was, in connection with his uncle Thomas, at a store in Dock Square. He came in one day to get a rent mended in what was called a 'channel pump.' Rhoades handed it to George, to try his best upon it, such custom being too good to be slighted. He fixed it out nicely, and carried it to the owner. Hancock was much pleased with the boy's conduct, and it being not long be-

fore "New-Year's," invited him to "come and see him" on that occasion, and bid him a "happy New-Year," according to the custom of the day. George promised to do so. When the day came he mentioned the matter to Rhoades, and asked his advice in the crisis. The Irishman thought it "a good wind-fall," and earnestly recommended making the most of it. George washed his face, and put his best jacket on, and proceeded straightway to the Hancock House, (as it is still called,) then probably tenanted by the young man something after the fashion of a Bachelor's Hall. His heart was in his mouth, but assuming a cheerful courage, he knocked at the front door, and took his hat off. The servant came:

"Is 'Squire Hancock at home, Sir?" enquired Hewes, making a bow.

He was introduced directly to the *kitchen*, and requested to seat himself, while report should be made above stairs. The man came down directly, with a new varnish of civility suddenly spread over his face. He

ushered him into the 'Squire's sitting-room, and left him to make his obeisance. Hancock remembered him, and addressed him kindly. George was anxious to get through, and he commenced a desperate speech—" as pretty a one," he says, "as he any way knew how,"—intended to announce the purpose of his visit, and to accomplish it, in the same breath.

" Very well, my lad," said the 'Squire—now take a chair, my lad."

He sat down, scared all the while (as he now confesses,) " almost to death," while Hancock put his hand into his breeches-pocket and pulled out a crown-piece, which he placed softly in his hand, thanking him at the same time for his punctual attendance, and his compliments. He then invited his young friend to drink his health—called for wine—poured it out for him—and ticked glasses with him,—a feat in which Hewes, though he had never seen it performed before, having acquitted himself with a creditable dexterity, hastened to make his

bow again, and secure his retreat, though not till the 'Squire had extorted a sort of half promise from him to come the next New-Year's—which, for a rarity, he never discharged.

Not long after he attained his majority, in the spring of 1765, the small pox broke out again in town, and raged to a considerable extent, taking off between one and two hundred lives. Hewes and an acquaintance of his, one Ben. Ross, were inoculated for it together, by Dr. Gardiner. One incident, at least, of the melancholy season, seems to have been forcibly impressed on his mind. They were reduced by medicine, and severe dieting, almost to starvation; and animal food, especially, which they most longed for, was forbidden them, as they valued their lives. Hewes endured his agonies as long as possible; but at length resolved to appease them in the natural way, cost what it might. He watched his opportunity, and when the family where he lodged had dined, slipped into their room, and finding a clear field,

laid violent hands upon a most luscious-looking joint of roast veal—nothing ever looked half so good to him before or since—and, having dipped it into a pot of melted butter, crept back to his bed. Ben beheld the prize, and was almost crazy for a share, which Hewes persisted in refusing, on the ground that suicide was enough for *him*, without murder. But the expected consequences soon became apparent. An intense pain seized him towards night, and the doctor was sent for. He charged him with the fact at once, but got no information. Ben was questioned, but gave no satisfaction; the fear of Hewes was directly before *his* eyes. The family were appealed to, but were entirely ignorant on the subject. The doctor warned him of his sure fate, if he remained obstinate, but he would not yield.

"Well, then!" said he, somewhat excited, "you will be cold coffee, Hewes, in twelve hours from this; and remember, it's no fault of mine."

He turned to leave him finally, and then

Hewes waked up. "Well, doctor," cried he, "if I *must* die, there's one thing I want, and I *will* have it, and that is"—

"What?" asked the doctor, putting his head into the room again.

"A mug of *flip!*—sweet, hot and good."

It was directed to be given him, and the doctor left him, in a fit of desperation. He drank off the full mug, with a relish which he thinks he shall never forget. His pains grew sharper; he tossed and tumbled about, and rolled over and over, but at length lost himself in sleep. All manner of horrid dreams tormented him; but in the morning he waked up relieved. The doctor came in:

"Why, Hewes!" he cried, "not dead yet, you dog, not dead yet?"

"No, Sir," he answered, "and no thanks to you!"

On the contrary, despite of the veal, flip and all, he recovered. It was an iron constitution which saved him. It is remarkable, by the way, that this is the only serious illness which has troubled him since

his boyhood; a circumstance which, considering his years, will excuse the interest with which we have given the details.

After leaving Rhoades, he went to shoemaking for himself, in a little shop at the head of Griffin's Wharf, (since Liverpool,) which, not less serviceable than the socks of Goldsmith's Poor Author, answered the double purpose of a Bachelor's Hall by night and a cobbler's quarters all day. He lived in this way three years.

The business was good, and growing better, especially as it became more and more fashionable to encourage our own manufactures. In the Boston Gazette of October 1st, for instance, we find it said—"It is certain that women's shoes made in *Lynn*, do now exceed those usually imported of the make of D. Hose of London, in Strength and Beauty, though not in price: Surely then it is expected that the publick-spirited Ladies of the Town and Province will turn their immediate attention to this Branch of Manufacture." There never was more of an American spir-

it, either in the town or country, as opposed to a needless and oppressive foreign dependence, than at this same juncture. The newspaper above cited, remarking on the subject of a recent reform in funeral expenses, states that the saving to Boston, alone, by that means alone, was rated at £20,000, yearly. Again—"last week," say they, "were decently interred the remains of Mrs. Kettle, aged 85. The funeral was conducted on the new plan, and attended by gentlemen of fortune and character, &c." The "*plan*" was to wear no mourning for the nearest relative; and a November paper, in noticing the prevalence of the new practice at Dorchester, mentions that "those who have been chosen Bearers to the Remains of the Deceased to the Grave, have refused the usual present of *gloves*, &c." The same principle was made to apply extensively to the cloth manufactures. In one of the papers of the year just named, Adam Colson, who kept 'near the *great trees*'* at the South End, un-

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* This was an ancient grove of elms, near the head of Essex

derstanding, as he says, that many worthy tradesmen in town had agreed to wear nothing but *leather* for their working habits, advertises to dress all sorts of skins suitable for that purpose, and avails himself of the opportunity to volunteer a remark that a jacket made of *moose-skin*, fit for apprentices, will wear out seven, at least, of broadcloth, and keep 'handsome' to the last. Another Gazette announces, with some parade, the commencement of a *fulling-mill* at Jamaica, on Long-Island, and upon another page asserts that "the town of Weymouth now affords *cheese* (in capital letters) not inferior to that of Gloucester, in England; and it is said large quantities will be made there."

Street, which obtained the popular name of Hanover Square, or the Elm Neighborhood. It was one of the finest of these, standing on the spot where the Liberty-Tree House has been since erected, that afterwards received that name, from the circumstance of its being used, on the memorable 14th of August, 1765, when the first forcible resistance was made to the Stamp Laws. When the Repeal took place, a large copper plate was nailed upon this tree, recording its name and the date abovementioned, in golden letters. It was cut down by the British soldiers in the first year of the Revolution.

Hewes was known already for a good Whig, and though he could hardly be said, like some patriots, to have staked his *awl* for the good cause,—never being known to decline an opportunity of sewing up the understanding, or trying the sole, of even a Tory, whether in the shape of politics or a patch,—he unquestionably felt the benefit of the prevalence of the principles now so rapidly coming into vogue. "Persons of fortune and character," as above described, were pretty sure to be found in the new fashion.

It was at this period that, tired of living alone, Hewes cast about for a partner—in shoes, or sentiment, as the case might be. Announcing that he wanted a woman to wash for him,—which was true,—he was directed to Mrs. Sumner's,—near the Mill-Pond,—a washer-woman, and no less a character, if we mistake not, than the wife of a sexton of one of the principal churches in town. There were several smart girls in this family,—which we think it not

impossible Hewes might have been aware of, before he went there. He stated his case, however, to Madam Sumner. She, on the other hand, very likely had an inkling, before this, of his being a well-to-do young man, besides which, George, at that period, as now, though something less than six feet high, (which was, perhaps, more than could be asserted with truth of some of her daughters,) was on the whole, by no manner of means, an uncouth-looking personage;—he stood up straight, on the contrary, according to all accounts—did not hold it indispensable to dress exclusively in Colson's moose-skins, when he went to see the ladies—and spoke up sharp and quick on all occasions, like the tick of a hammer on a heel-tap. Mrs. Sumner reconnoitred him with the eye of a veteran, and after pondering the matter a moment, directed him to the kitchen, where, she said rather significantly, (as it seems to us,) that he could make a bargain for himself! There he found them, to be sure,—some half a dozen,—industrious and comely

girls. He explained again, and invited proposals—we presume not a common practice, by the way, with young gentlemen who want women to wash. One of the young ladies came forward and treated him civilly, —her name was Sally, as it turned out,—and offered to do the business for him as well as she could. The price was arranged and the matter settled. From this time forth he used to go to the house regularly every Saturday evening, to pay Sally for the week's washing; and Sally was pretty sure to be on the spot as regularly to receive him—and the money. So they went on for a year or two, working and washing, till Hewes found the heart to make his way into the parlor, one day, for the purpose of asking Mr. Sumner, what was called, in the popular phraseology, 'the liberty of the house.' He broached the matter with some diffidence, but the old gentleman took the hint.

"The liberty of the house, indeed!" quoth he; "a pretty fellow you are, to be sure, Hewes, to *take* the liberty of the house for

two years or more, and then come and *ask* for it! However," he added, growing placable very suddenly, "I suppose I understand it, George, and I have made some enquiries as to your character. But the rules of the house must be observed, at all events. If I catch you in the house after *nine*, Hewes—you can hear the bell—I'll tell you what it is"— "Oh, certainly, Sir!" said Hewes, "I shall be always ready to hear."

George made a low bow, and this was the first and last converse with the Sexton on the subject. He married Sally soon after, and never had occasion to repent of his looking after a woman to wash for him.

CHAPTER IV.

Synopsis of the leading incidents in the annals of the town for some years before the Revolution, of which Hewes was a witness.—The mobs.—Liberty-Tree.—Rejoicings at the Repeal of the Stamp Act.—Hancock's wine.—Mr. Pierce, the old barber.—Town-meetings.—Reminiscences of the first introduction of British troops.—Sundry anecdotes of the times.

Thus far we have chiefly confined our narrative, of necessity, to the humble history of a private citizen. The period is now coming on, when matters of "high pith and moment" began to be "acted o'er," in which the presence, and especially the participation, occasionally, of our hero, will be justly regarded as imparting its main interest to his testimony of the times.

The clouds were long gathering, but the storm broke forth at length without much regard to the usual rules of political decorum. It was the instinctive uprising, not of a people ground down for generations to the extremity of human endurance, but of one which always yet had been free, and whose

spirit, revolting at the merest thought of tyranny, had long before begun to "snuff the tainted breeze afar."

The Stamp Act became a law, by the King's signature, on the 22d of March, 1765, and an unofficial copy of it reached Boston on the 26th of May;—the Mutiny Act, which required the Colonies to provide in certain cases for quartering the royal troops, being passed at the same session. The Legislature of Massachusetts were convened on the 30th, and in June they proposed an American Congress in New-York. The newspapers were full of discussion upon all these subjects, more spirited than ever before. The idea of stamps upon every thing, concerning even the daily business of all classes of men—on processes of the courts of law, on marriage certificates, almanacs, newspapers, diplomas, clearances, and all, alike—grew, as it was contemplated, more and more intolerable to the mass of the people, as well as to the leaders of their cause.

The flame burst out at length in a form

no longer to be mistaken, and with a fury which, it would seem, might well have acted as a warning of the more potent fires which rolled and rumbled in the "hollow deep." It came in the shape of a *mob*,—for a long period a new thing,—on the 14th of August. Mr. Oliver, who lived at the lower corner of the street which still bears his name, (at the bottom of Fort Hill,) had been appointed distributor of stamps, and was erecting a store in Kilby Street, which the people supposed to be intended to receive them,—the law being expected to go into force on the first of the next November. A cargo of the paper, too, was daily looked for. Popular feeling could no longer be suppressed. A crowd, collected at break of day, under the South-End Elms, discovered an effigy of Oliver hanging from what was afterwards the Liberty Tree, by the side of a great *boot* (emblematic of Lord Bute) with the Devil peeping out of it, holding the Stamp Act in his hand,—and sundry other devices of like kind. Some prudent citizens offered

to take these images down, and Lieutenant Governor Hutchinson ordered his officers to do it; but the people intimated to both parties, without much ceremony, that they would swing for the present where they were. The throng increased, meanwhile; the town's-people left their work,—and Hewes his hammer among the rest,—to swell the multitude; and then came more and more, as the day wore away, from all the country, for miles around. Towards dusk many moved down to Kilby Street. The new office was demolished, and a bonfire made of the fragments, on Fort Hill, in sight of Oliver's house. Oliver himself was called on, his fences beat down, and his windows broken in. Hutchinson and a sheriff appeared, and were greeted with a cry of "*to arms, my boys;*" (for the first time in America, we suppose:) and a shower of stones, which they narrowly escaped, gave earnest of the feeling with which the suggestion was received. The crowd dispersed, finally, at their own time.

And so the precedent was settled, and the people took courage. Then, if ever, was the crisis which called for royal force; for if the *regiments* had been upon the spot that night —which did arrive, indeed, in time to aggravate the movements they might once have either prevented or suppressed,—who can tell how long the "evil day" for England might yet have been postponed! As it was, they were too late. "The *mob*," as one of the 'lords of trade' wrote home, "became highly elated, and *all kinds of ill humors were set on foot*." They were ill humors, indeed, and they went on growing worse and worse, till the whole people became the *mob*, and the royal authority was treated like the Distributor's office. It was but twelve days afterwards that Hutchinson himself was assailed in his own mansion, and damage done in it to the amount of more than three thousand pounds.

These were unjustifiable proceedings, indeed, and prejudicial to the cause of liberty. The town at large condemned them. A

public meeting, the very next day, declared their 'detestation' of them;—all circumstances which, considered in connection with the strange blindness and negligence of the royal power, only confirm the old maxim that "whom God wishes to destroy, he first makes mad." Even the Massachusetts Gazette described these movements as "the lawless ravages of some *foreign villains*, who took advantage of the over-heated temper of a few people of this place."

But, however that might be, there can be no doubt that, from this moment, the revolution was destined to go forward. Its development was more gentle and gradual, but also far more decided, than before; so that, as early as the next 17th of March, in the Gazette, a writer demands—"Shall we not all, as one man, unite in opposing it, [the Act,] *and spill the last drop of our blood*, if necessity should require, rather than live to see it take place in America?"—one of the earliest express public intimations, we take it, of the war of independence, and doubtless

from the pen of a distinguished actor in the cause.

Meanwhile, the First of November, which *was* to have ushered in the Stamp Era, had been celebrated by new effigies and processions. The North End and South End of the town, so long arrayed against each other, had become one. The famous title of the 'Sons of Liberty,' (from a speech of Col. Barre, in Parliament,) had been assumed. Oliver had been called out by the people, in Hanover Square, to renounce his office, and then cheered home. Liberty Tree was pruned by the carpenters. The stamp-papers were burnt in public,—all quietly, indeed; as the papers say, 'without the least disorder;'—but that quietness itself expressing, more significantly than any violence could have done, the character of those involved in the acts, and the real advances in every way made by the cause.

Other citizens beside Hewes are still living among us, who describe these scenes, and who remember especially the rejoicings

of the memorable 16th of May, ('66,) when the intelligence of the repeal of the Stamp Act was received (by a vessel belonging to John Hancock;) and still more of the 19th, which was expressly appointed by the town authorities for the purpose. Such a day has not been seen in Boston, before or since. The bell of Dr. Byles's Church (as the nearest to the *Tree*,) began the tune, at one in the morning. The chime in Christ Church made response. The steeples were hung with flags. Liberty Tree was adorned all day with banners, and illuminated in the evening, till the boughs could hold no more. Music was heard in all the streets before daybreak.

Subscriptions were raised to release those who were in jail for debt, from confinement. The country people came in by thousands. The whole town was splendidly illuminated. The Common was covered with multitudes. Rockets, bee-hives and serpents blazed in every quarter; and, to crown all, a magnificent pyramid was erected, which

shone with the blaze of about three hundred lamps.

Several popular gentlemen, residing in the vicinity, kept "open house" on this occasion, and Mr. Hancock particularly distinguished himself by a grand entertainment to the gentry; not forgetting, however,—Mr. Hancock was not the man to do that,—to treat the populace to a pipe of Madeira wine, of his own importation. Hewes tasted of his hospitality there for the second time; and old Mr. Pierce,* the barber, we venture to say, can point out at any moment the precise spot of the soil which the pipe's bottom kept dry while the generous beverage flowed around it. This was no mob, but a

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* William Pierce—whose reminiscences we may, probably, refer to again. The old gentleman will be ninety-one years of age next Christmas-day, but still retains his faculties in remarkable vigor, and continues even in the active duties of the business, (at his shop in Marshall Street,) which he has now followed, man and boy, for about seventy six or seven years! He served his time with one John Adams, in Dock Square, where the sign of the great Boot now hangs, and opened shop for himself some years before the Revolution. He deserves at least, we surmise, the distinction of the oldest acting barber alive.

festival of the free; and it was carried through in a style worthy of the Sons of Liberty. At a signal given by the mere tap of a drum, at midnight, the populace dispersed, the lights were extinguished, and, half an hour afterwards, the town was hushed in complete repose. This is no place for enlarging farther upon the history of the rise of the Revolution,—as interesting as it is,—beyond the mere mention of the leading incidents, of which it is convenient in this connection to be reminded. The crisis came on apace; Parliament went so far, during the same season, as to *resolve* themselves into the power to make laws competent to bind their American subjects "in all cases whatsoever!" The memorable three-pence duty was imposed upon *tea*; a fund thus provided for the expenses of the colonial administration of the government; and the town of Boston selected for the seat of the new establishment of outrage. Counteracting plans of economy and domestic industry, were got up proportionately by our people. Subscriptions for

non-importation were circulated among the merchants, and the community at large, by every similar device, were every day more and more exercised and educated in the habits and notions of American Independence, to the consummation of which things were so rapidly converging.

Thus far, however, as formidable as the aspect of affairs became, the royal party had abstained from the introduction of troops,—a measure which, according to our theory, should have been, so far as *their* policy was concerned, the very *first* in the series of impositions. When it was tried at length, the Bostonians, at least, were no longer to be taken by surprise. They had looked into the whole business in advance, and were ready for it.

A transport-ship, with artillery on board, bound for Quebec, put into port on the 25th of November, 1767, under pretext of stress of weather; and that circumstance, being a good deal discussed, especially in the House of Representatives, and warmly protested

against by them, operated as an immediate incitement to a general agitation of the royal schemes. Disturbances began to take place between American citizens and British soldiery—another new thing under the sun. Even impressment was attempted. The excitement increased; a great meeting of the Sons of Liberty, in June, '68,—so large as to be obliged to adjourn from Faneuil Hall to the Old South Church,—propounded solemnly in their petition to the governor, which was unanimously adopted, the theory of "*contending with our parent State.*"

Government now thought it time to introduce troops, and the citizens got information to that effect. Another great Faneuil Hall meeting was held; *that* was the "Cradle of Liberty," indeed. What meetings were those!—James Otis, 'moderator,'—the meeting opened with *prayer* by Dr. Cooper of the Brattle Street Church,—and Cushing, Samuel Adams, Dana, Rowe, Hancock, Kent, and Warren, the committee sent to enquire of the governor the reasons on which

he supposed the troops *would be* ordered here! The governor shuffled, very civilly, and shifted the responsibility upon the king's shoulders. The people met again the next day; voted (under pretext of an expected trouble with France,) that every inhabitant be *armed;* and resolved upon a *Convention*, at which the country towns and districts should be invited to meet them, (as ninety-eight of them did within *ten days*,) and appointed Otis, Samuel Adams, Hancock and Cushing, as the members from Boston.

This body sat till the 27th September. They rose, probably, just in time to prevent some disturbance; for Governor Bernard, who wholly disapproved of it, had threatened to "assert the prerogative of the crown in a more public manner;" and upon the very day after the Convention closed their sitting, a British squadron of ships-of-war, which two days before had anchored at Nantasket, came up to town and ranged themselves deliberately under the eyes of the indignant citizens. They expected a bloody resist-

ance to their landing, and prepared for it.* As they took their positions for disembarking on the 1st, the guns were all loaded, every ship presented its broadside, and when, at one o'clock, they landed upon Long Wharf,—the 14th and 29th regiments, and a part of the 59th,—not only was a temporary rampart erected and fortified half way down, to keep the people off, but a train of artillery bristled most conspicuously in the odious procession, as, in the angry language of the day, they "marched with insolent parade, drums beating, fifes playing, up King [State] Street,—*each soldier having received sixteen rounds of shot.*"†

Our friend Hewes was among the witnesses of this exciting scene—the introduction of the first force intended for the suppression of American republicanism. The principal officer, according to his recollection, placed

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* Mr. Pierce distinctly remembers hearing that admission from one of the officers.

† See the old engraving of the scene, by Paul Revere; also, Snow's History of Boston.

himself at the head of the march, and made a speech that afternoon to the people from the balcony of the Town House. There a part of the troops, it seems, were quartered—most of the residue in Faneuil Hall, and the stores on Griffin's Wharf—the barracks at the Castle still remaining unfilled; all contrary to the protest of the Council, as well as the wishes of the town. And this was not enough. The News-Letter of November 10th says—"Several transports arrived here this morning from Cork, having on board part of the 64th and 65th regiments; *the remainder are not yet in.*"

Boston was suddenly converted into a garrisoned town. The Town House was occupied and surrounded by an armed soldiery. The Common was covered with tents. The streets were traversed by sentries, passing and repassing continually, and challenging the citizens as they went by. Business was interrupted; even amusements, before customary, were abandoned, for the British officers, with all their gallantry and gay uni-

forms, though they artfully circulated proposals for a series of dancing assemblies, with a view of mitigating the popular indignation by promoting intercourse between the army and the gentry, could not succeed in obtaining the slightest countenance beyond their own limited coterie, and were compelled to relinquish the plan. On the ensuing 6th of May, General Mackay refused to order the troops out of town, even while the annual election of Representatives should go on; and the Legislature, which convened soon after, having refused to act under such circumstances, were waited for a fortnight by the Governor, who then adjourned them to *Cambridge.* It was a strange pass, indeed, for the Sons of Liberty in Boston!

CHAPTER V.

Immediate effect of the introduction of the troops.—Other and different effects rapidly developed.—Brawls and skirmishes. -Parole.—Rencontre with Irish sentinels.—Story of a soldier, Mark Burke.—Captain Preston.—Kelroy, who figured in the massacre.—Outrages.—Reminiscences of the memorable case of Snider, Richardson the Informer, and Lilly the Importer.—The ceremonies of the funeral.

"It is true, however,"—to use an expression of Botta,—"that this display of military force [described in the last chapter] so repressed the multitude, that, for a considerable space of time, tranquillity was preserved;" and this we consider another confirmation of the correctness of our strictures on the royal policy in regard to the introduction of these troops, and especially as to the timing of some such measure. The effect of it, judiciously managed as it might have been at one period,—and that a critical one,—might have been for a long time conclusive. But it was too late now. The "*tranquillity*" which the historian refers to, was about as

significant of the future, as the calm is which precedes the earthquake.

Matters grew daily worse and worse, as the soldiery, on one hand, became, by familiarity with their new circumstances and their fellow-townsmen, more insolent, and the citizens, on the other, by the same process, both more indignant and less scrupulous in making their feelings known both by words and actions.

"We have known," says a Gazette early in 1770, "a party of soldiers, in the face of day, fire off a loaded musket upon the inhabitants. Others have been pricked with bayonets; and *even our magistrates assaulted, and put in danger of their lives, when offenders brought before them have been rescued.*" This was a little too much to be borne by the Bostonians; and when complaints were made against those criminals in vain, as they often were—when they had come to the conclusion that it was of no use to complain, —the next natural step was that they should take vengeance into their own hands, and

endeavor to administer it *extempore;* of course, "many have been the *squabbles* between them and the soldiery." Mr. Hewes was never engaged in any disturbances of the kind, but was well aware of the fact that the 'Yankees' had got at last very much into the habit of clubbing together for these purposes. In many instances the soldiers were thrown into the creek, which then ran through the town a little below Dock Square —called Mill Creek*—and was at some seasons quite full. A good 'ducking,' indeed, was generally as far as they went for the present; that operation being, however, probably managed with no particularly delicate and softly hands.

In the evening, particularly, these brawls became so troublesome, that the General thought it necessary to appoint an eight o'clock parole for a while. Hewes lived at

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* The origin of which first appears in the record of an old grant, of 1643, from the town, wherein provision is made for digging "one or more trenches in the highways or waste-grounds," so as to make and maintain safe ways, &c. See *Snow.*

this time in the house of one of his brothers, in *Oliver* Street, opposite that gentleman's house. He was going home one night, a little after the parole-time, when an Irish sentry, who stood at the corner, with a comrade near him, started out from the shade of the side-walk, hailed him, and demanded the "counter-sign." Hewes's good star befriended him once more, in the shape of a bottle of rum, which he happened to have under his frock. He presented *that* for his countersign, and it proved satisfactory. The soldiers both took a hearty draught, and he went his way home. Pretty soon afterwards, one of these vigilant Dogberrys was found by the 'relief' dead-drunk, and the other in a condition not much better; and they were properly rewarded with three hundred lashes each.

Not long afterwards, a day having been appointed for the examination of the troops in town, for the purpose of seeing them provided duly with all the articles they were required to keep, a soldier named Mark Burke,

well known to Hewes, came to his shop for a pair of shoes. He pretended that Captain Preston sent him. Hewes demanded an order, but concluded to let him have the shoes without one, on condition of early payment. Having waited in vain three months or more, he told the story one day to Colonel Carr, as he passed the shop. He sent him to Preston, and Preston gave him an order on Sergeant Keyes, his paymaster, and directed him to complain of Burke's conduct—which he did. Burke was tried for his offence, and sentenced to receive three hundred lashes. Hewes relented at this, and remarked to the Court that if he had thought the fellow was to be punished so severely for such an offence, bad as he was, he would have said nothing about it. They told him he should take off a part, if he wished, and he reduced it about one half; whereupon Burke, who relished the discount, politely invited him to attend and witness the interesting ceremony performed. He was arrested for some other

offence a fortnight afterwards, and that is the last we have heard of him.

These are queer specimens of life in Boston. It would appear that justice was sometimes, if not always, done to the citizens against the soldiers, by their authorities. It must have been wholly impracticable for them otherwise, indeed, to have remained in the city. The same inference may be made from the following incident:

One moonshiny night, (as he describes it) Hewes was passing the Town House, (now City Hall) when he noticed a woman turning up Prison Lane, or Queen Street—both names then given to what is now Court Street.* A soldier followed her; and Hewes's curiosity was excited to watch the movements of the 'red coat.' He walked behind him softly in the shade, and presently saw him overtake the woman, and deal her a blow with his fist, that felled her. He then, with a violent haste, stripped her of her bonnet, 'cardinal,' muff and tippet, and, having comple-

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* Queen Street, in Bonner's map, 1722.

ted this achievement, started off on a run. Hewes followed him up Prison Lane, and down Tremont Street, past the whole length of the Common, to the barracks on Wheeler's Point (out of Sea Street.) There the soldier went in. Hewes called there the next morning, and called for Mr. "Kelroy;" having made up his mind that he knew the fellow. He came out, and Hewes charged him with the outrage boldly. Kelroy persisted in denying it, till Hewes, threatening to complain of him to the General, turned to leave him; and then he called him back, and gave up all the things. Hewes, who wanted nothing but justice, concluded not to report him. He afterwards looked up the woman, by the aid of a notice of the assault in the papers, and found her at Capt. Cobb's, in *New* (now West) Boston. She did not so much as thank him for the property which he returned to her. This Kelroy, it will be seen, figured afterwards in the massacre, and was one of the only two who were brought in guilty, (of manslaughter,) at the subsequent trial of the soldiers concerned in it.

Mr. Hewes has a vivid recollection of the memorable case of Richardson and Snider, one of the most exciting of those exciting times. This was brought on, in the first instance, by the conduct of one Theophilus Lilly, a man who made himself notorious by importing, contrary to the agreement, and had the unenviable honor of being severely reprehended in the votes of the town-meetings, and of being advertised by name in the papers* as one of those "who audaciously continue to counteract the sentiments of the United Body of Merchants throughout North America."—There were only about eight of these people in town, but they were mostly men of some wealth and power, and were able to accomplish considerable harm, as they did. Lilly, particularly, made himself obnoxious by these means. His shop was in North (now Hanover) Street, not far from Mr. Pemberton's Church, as the advertisement describes him,—that is, the North Church, now so called; which, by the way,

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* See, for example, Boston Gazette of Feb. 26, 1770.

is the oldest in Boston, having been erected in 1721; it was otherwise called, at one period, the 'New Brick,' in contradistinction from the first Congregational Church in town, which was built of brick.*

Mr. Hewes's version of this affair agrees with that which the papers of the day have preserved, in the main. Some of the populace, it seems, on the 22d of February, 1770, had set up, near Lilly's premises, a sort of rude wooden head, on a pole, with some of the faces of the importers graven upon it,—and very likely some of their names,—and other "devices;" and, lest the application of this hint should be mistaken, a huge hand pointed its "slow, unmoving finger" directly to Lilly's door. A mob of noisy boys collected of course, in due time; and their remarks were not calculated to gratify the feelings of the obnoxious citizens. Among these was a man named Ebenezer Richardson, (well known to Hewes,) who lived in

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* This stood on the spot where "Joy's Buildings" are now, till 1808, being then near a century old.

the neighborhood. He was a good deal harassed by these proceedings, and undertook, rather injudiciously, to put an end to them, by endeavoring, among other things, to induce a teamster from the country to run down the post with his cart. He declined—happening to be a good Whig himself. Richardson was in a rage. He seized the bridle of one of the horses, and attempted to accomplish his purpose, but failed. The boys about him now began shouting, and then pelted him with dirt till they drove him into his house;—with the better relish, perhaps, as he had been for some time odious to the public as a suspected *Informer*—a character which, as the parties stood related to each other at this juncture, will readily be understood without an explanation.

A slight alarm was sufficient, in those irritable days, to raise a multitude at short notice. The crowd increased, and the noise too. Richardson was a rough speaker, and a passionate man, and he insulted his opponents in gross terms, even after he was hous-

ed. A quarrel was soon fanned up. Stones were thrown, on both sides, probably, (though the papers seem inclined to put all the blame upon Richardson.) He then brought out his musket, and threatened to fire, swearing he would "soon make the place too hot for some of 'em." The noise went on, and he discharged his piece, loaded with swan-shot, into the crowd. A young man, son of Captain John Gore,* was badly wounded; and a lad about eleven years old, named Snider, —who lived, says Hewes, with Mr. Apthorp, —suffered so badly as to die soon afterwards of his wounds. The people were furious, and made a rush. Richardson was aided (or said to be) all the while by one Wilmot, a Tory sailor, who had served in the "Liberty Sloop," recently used by the royal com-

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* This lad was, according to Mr. Pierce's account, Christopher Gore, afterwards Governor of the Commonwealth, whose father, it is generally known, was a poor painter, living at the foot of Pemberton's Hill, in (now) Court Street, where his dwelling, the third in the block, still stands. Pierce was his barber in better days, when he was wont to point out his scars, and tell the story with some relish.

missioners of trade; and they were both well armed with cutlasses and muskets, which they used sharply. They were, however, taken, carried directly to Faneuil Hall, examined before four Justices, and committed to the county jail, under close confinement, for a trial at the ensuing Superior Court of the Province.

This affair produced a deep sensation. "This innocent lad," said the Gazette of the 26th, "was *the first whose* LIFE *has been a victim to the cruelty and rage of oppressors*, for, young as he was, he died in his country's cause, by the hand of an execrable villain, *directed by others*,* who could not bear to see the enemies of America made the ridicule of boys. The untimely death of this amiable youth," they add, "will be a standing monument to posterity, that the time was, when innocence itself was not safe;" and the blood of Snider was said to cry for

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* Alluding to a confession of Wilmot, that he was sent to Richardson's house by one of the crown officers, with a *message*.

vengeance, like the blood of the righteous Abel. The lad's parents, worthy but humble people, lived in Frog Lane (Boylston Street,) not far from *Liberty Tree*,—a circumstance noticed, it will be seen, in the following curious communication to the Boston Gazette of the 26th, which we copy as it is:

"Messrs. Edes & Gill—

The general Sympathy and Concern for the murder of the lad by the base and infamous Richardson, on the 23d, will be a sufficient Reason for your notifying the Publick that he will be buried from his house in Frogg Lane, opposite Liberty Tree, on Monday, when all the friends of Liberty may have an opportunity of paying their last Respects to the Remains of this little Hero, and *first martyr to the noble Cause*—whose manly spirit (after this accident happened) appeared in his discreet Answers to his Doctor, and Thanks to the Clergyman who prayed with him, and the Firmness of mind he shewed when he first saw his Parents,

and while he underwent the greatest Distress of bodily Pain; and with which he met the King of Terrors. These things, together with the several heroic Pieces found in his Pocket, particularly Wolfe's "Summit of human Glory," gives Reason to think he had a martial Genius, and would have made a clever man. A Mourner."

Such suggestions were well calculated to accomplish their obvious purpose, and they did so. The ceremonies were attended in a manner before unexampled. The corpse was set under the Tree, and there the procession formed. The coffin was covered with inscriptions—"*Innocentia nusquam tuta*,"* and others as significant. Four or five hundred school-boys, in couples, took the lead on the march. Six of Snider's playfellows supported the corpse. And then came the relatives, followed by a train of nearly fifteen hundred inhabitants on foot, with the addition of some thirty chariots and chaises

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* Innocence itself not safe.

in the rear.* These were, as they were meant to be, impressive scenes, and the sensations they were occasioned by, and which they did so much also to confirm, could not speedily pass away. Nothing but the deeper horrors of gathering revolution—though even then but little expected to be witnessed so soon—cast them into the shade.

The trial of Richardson and Wilmot, which came on in April, resulted in bringing in the former guilty of murder; but the Lieutenant Governor, considering it a clear case of justifiable manslaughter, refused to sign the warrant without farther advices, and, after two years' confinement, he was pardoned by the King. Hewes says that he afterwards went abroad to live. The incidents of the occasion were impressed so vividly upon *his* mind, that he remembers, to this moment, even the precise words of the Judge's sentence.

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* There were probably not half this number of private coaches at that period in town. Mr. Pierce undertakes to enumerate them all.

CHAPTER VI.

The massacre of the 5th of March.—The brawl at the Ropewalk.—Reminiscences of Mr. James.—Skirmish at Murray's Barracks.—Origin of the disturbance in King Street.—Progress of it.—Details of the massacre.—Kelroy's participation.—Conduct of the people.—Discussion of some moot points, and testimony of Hewes and Pierce.—Deposition of Henry Knox, and others.—Incidents following.—Narrow escape of Hewes.—Anecdotes of Samuel Adams.—New theory of the origin of the disturbance.—The Barber's Boy.

Mr. Hewes was a witness of the massacre of the 5th of March. It will be necessary, however, for the better understanding of his testimony, to recapitulate the main story. This is the more excusable, not to say necessary, inasmuch as no satisfactory account of it has, to our knowledge, ever yet been given. For obvious reasons, many of the authorities, and especially the papers, of that day, are least of all to be relied on.

The general circumstances which led to this lamentable transaction have been referred to already, and can be easily deduced

from the slightest consideration of the public condition of affairs in town. A standing army, anywhere, at any time, is, as Mr. Adams remarked in his defence of the soldiers,* a poor provision for suppressing mobs. They will make two, at least, where they suppress one; an observation particularly applicable, at the juncture when it was made, to the spirit of the people of Boston.

The history of the minor quarrel, preliminary, at the Rope-walk of Gray, we suppose to be correctly stated in the Report drawn up by the Town's Committee.† "A brawl having sprung up on the 2d of the month, (Friday,) between a soldier and a man belonging to it, the soldier challenged the ropemakers to a boxing match. The challenge was accepted by one of them, and the soldier worsted. He ran to the barrack in the neighborhood, and returned with several of his companions. The fray was renewed, and the soldiers were driven off.

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* See Report of the Trial.

† Boston; J. & J. Fleet; 1770.

They soon returned with recruits, and were again worsted. This happened several times, till at length a considerable body of soldiers was collected, and they also were driven off, the ropemakers having been joined by their brethren of the contiguous ropewalks. By this time, Mr. Gray, being alarmed, interposed, and, with the assistance of some gentlemen, prevented any further disturbance. To satisfy the soldiers and punish the man who had been the occasion of the first difference, and as an example to the rest, he turned him out of his service; and waited on Col. Dalrymple, the commanding officer of the troops, and with him concerted measures for preventing further mischief." This account is confirmed to us both by Mr. Hewes and by old Mr. James, a Bostonian also, resident in the city—of age and character, then and now, which entitle his testimony to respect.* It seems pretty certain that their discomfit-

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* Mr. James was eighty-six last May, and consequently was about twenty-one at the date of the massacre, at which he was present.

are on this occasion made, as the Committee suggest, a strong impression, and a very unpleasant one, on the minds of many of the soldiers, not to say *all;* and that the members of the 29th Regiment, especially, who were engaged in it, considered it, on the whole, a point of honor to be revenged. We believe it to be proved that individuals, at all events—undoubtedly the same who quarrelled at Gray's, among them—entered into a combination to commit retaliatory outrages, more or less, on the inhabitants of the town at large; and also that this was expected to be done at the time when it *was* done. Quite a number of the soldiers, in a word, were determined to have a row, on the night of the 5th. There was a good deal of testimony to this point, justifying the inference that no great anxiety was felt to keep their intentions a secret—on the strength of which we concur with the Committee in the belief of a combination, particularly among a portion of the 29th. The circumstance of their being upon guard on the 5th, and the

remarkable speed with which the regiment, or most of it, collected together under arms, in the street, just after the slaughter—as well as the outrages committed upon numerous citizens everywhere about town in the early part of that evening—by no means disagree with this conclusion.

Matters being in this condition, it was no difficult matter to bring on the occasion desired. How it came, precisely, is one question; and how much of the blame of the actual participation, setting intentions aside, belongs to either party, is another. It is agreed, however, that a disturbance arose about nine o'clock, near 'Murray's barracks,' so called, where the 14th were many of them quartered. This was a large building or two—something like an old sugar-house, Mr. James says—in Brattle Street, directly opposite the little alley, then called Boylstone's, leading from the bottom of Market Street. It is said a sentinel, as a matter of precaution, was stationed in this place; and that is the more probable, as the times

were known to be growing stormy. There was one notoriously standing that evening in King (State) Street. Very likely, also, the British officers had a hint of the disturbance designed for that night. A rencontre sprang up here, at all events. Considerable noise was made, rough language used, blows dealt, and wounds given. People were attracted by the tumult. The town's-people, unarmed chiefly, were dispersed for a time. Some say that they next gathered in Dock Square, and were harangued by "a tall man in a red cloak, and white wig,"—which is not improbable,—and that they then gave three cheers, huzzaed for the 'main guards,' and made the best of their way, by various avenues, into King Street.

This *guard*, (which Mr. James says consisted of fifty men,) were stationed in the third house from the corner, on the south side, down King Street. This was the rendezvous of the soldiers daily detached for guard duty; and for a considerable period after the troops landed, if not at this parti-

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cular moment, there were two field-pieces, set out in front of this house, *pointing directly into the Town House.* Captain Preston commanded the guard on the 5th.

A party of the Brattle Street soldiers, after the brawl at the alley, made a rush into King Street, in a highly excited condition, brandishing their arms, and crying out, "where are the cowards?"—"where are the scoundrels?" &c. There were, just then, very few people there. Some of these dispersed. Doubtless, also, an alarm was raised in the vicinity by such an outcry. A bell was rung,—the bell of the old brick church, opposite the head of the street. The tumult still increased. The streets began to be noisy. Fire was cried in various quarters. Some of the engines turned out. The people came rushing in—many of them armed with sticks and stakes wrenched out of the stalls in the market and elsewhere—and a large proportion of them, undoubtedly, as much disposed to enjoy a *row* as the soldiers themselves. Attucks, the colored man

who was killed, according to all accounts figured pretty largely among them. Only some ten minutes before that event, one of the witnesses, at least, swore that he saw him at the head of twenty or thirty sailors, in Cornhill, with a cord-wood stick in his hand. Mr. Pierce, who stood about this time at the corner of Royal Exchange Lane (now Exchange Street) and King Street, where the sentinel was on guard in front of the King's Custom-House,* remembers Attucks distinctly, though he never saw him before. He remembers, also, that he had a large stick in his hand, and that he saw him early in this tumult harassing and abusing the sentry, poking him rather severely with the stick, and calling him a "*lobster*"—a popular reproach—and swearing that he would have off one of his *claws*. Pierce thought the soldier would hurt him, and advised him to refrain. Attucks, also—who, he says, was a Nantucket Indian, belonging on board

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* The building used for this purpose stood where the Merchants' Insurance Office has been recently erected.

a whale-ship of Mr. Folger's, then in the harbor, (and he remembers distinctly the peculiar noise of a frightful war-whoop which he yelled,)—this Attucks he cautioned to keep off, and be careful. He declined, however, though he crawled back a little, muttering, and still swearing he "would have one of his claws off." Mr. Adams, in his subsequent defence of the soldiers, seems to refer to some of these circumstances, when he describes "the multitude shouting and huzzaing, threatening life, the bells ringing, the mob whistling and screaming *like an Indian yell*, the people from all quarters throwing every species of rubbish they could pick up in the street," &c. This is a strong coloring, and is applied to the scene which immediately followed the arrival of the soldiery from the main guard to relieve the sentry. Preston pushed after them, and overtook them before they arrived. They were interrupted somewhat by the people at this time.—There were some hundreds there already, and the soldiers, who were excited, to say

the least, were not at all ceremonious in making their way. They pushed, and abused otherwise, a number of persons—Hewes among the rest, he being now between the Custom House and the Town House. His old acquaintance, Kelroy, (who was one of the Rope-walk brawlers, as all admit,) was one of the guard. "Get out of the way!—get out of the way!"—he cried, as he pushed roughly by, and dealt his old friend Hewes a pretty severe recognition with his gun, in the shoulder, as he left him.

There is no necessity of going into the painful details of the scene which ensued in about five minutes. The result is better known than the intermediate minutiæ, but we conclude no reasonable man, in these days, will deny that both the sentinel, before the guard came, and the guard after they ranged in their semi-circle about his box, were hard pushed with provocation from the multitude about them. Nor was it confined to words—'lobster,' 'coward,' 'bloody-back,' and the rest—and harsh threats, and

oaths, and challenges to fire, and such other modifications of compliment as might be expected under such circumstances from what Mr. Adams called a "motley mob of saucy boys, negroes and mulattoes, Irish teagues, and outlandish Jack-tars"—which we suppose to be not far from a true account of a quite considerable part of the collection—and especially those who pressed about the guard—though by no means of the whole. The snow, which lay on the ground half a foot deep or more, was used very freely, and the ice too; Hewes speaks of seeing, himself, something of this play, as also of missiles thrown upon the roof of the house, to fall down on the heads of the guard. Some of the witnesses swore to the violent use of clubs; and Bailey, in particular, testified that Montgomery was knocked down with one before he fired,—which, according to this version, was the beginning of the slaughter,—and it is generally agreed that it did begin with a single gun.

Nor shall we discuss the legal question of

the conduct of Preston. There is respectable testimony that, although he was much excited, (which was not discreditable to him,) he did not intend, or at least expressed no intention, to do unnecessary damage. The testimony as to his orders to fire, it is well known, was considered doubtful. One of the Committee's witnesses, Hicklings, testifies that although the word of command was given distinctly to fire, he was satisfied it did not come from Preston, though he stood at that moment within a yard of him, and probably watched his movements.

We incline to the opinion, on the whole, that the soldiers were by the jury rightly acquitted of murder, (and all but two of even manslaughter) and it is not necessary, in order to conclude thus, that a word should be said in praise of their character, intentions, or conduct even, so far as the *law* does not make them amenable therefor. Some of them we suppose to have been blood-thirsty ruffians, among whom Kelroy deserves especial mention. It was believed by several of

the witnesses that he distinguished himself even after the slaughter, by running his bayonet into the brains of one of the dead or wounded—we suppose Gray. Mr. Hewes says that he saw him do it; corroborating, also, the statement made by others at the time, that his bayonet showed plainly the marks of the foul act the next morning, when he saw it.

We are aware there was respectable testimony denying the existence of any noticeable provocation by the crowd. Take, for example, the deposition of a person now for the first time known to us as a witness of the scene,—a character destined speedily to be among the illustrious of the land, and of his country's history,—though now but a humble bookseller. We mean Henry Knox, afterwards commander of the American artillery, and at this period just about 'of age.' His statement will be found at length in the Report, and nobody will disparage his veracity. Still, it is obvious that, as to the provocation, this is, and could be, but a nega-

tive testimony; and obvious, moreover, that although correct, so far as depended on him to say, (that is, so far as he knew,) and not to say any thing of the excitement and confusion of this scene, it was impossible, probably, for any individual, on such an occasion, (if he had *not* been as busy as Knox was in trying to prevent harm,) to compass the whole ground with either his eyes or ears.

The amount of it is, that the soldiers, so far as the overt acts they were charged with, and so far as they individually who were tried were concerned—had, as they doubtless meant to have, the *law* on their side; and this, of course, although the uproar and violence which operated as their justification, were, or might have been, brought on by the remote and original conspiracy and conduct of the soldiery, including, perhaps, these very men who figured in the massacre itself.

Of the eleven persons who suffered from the discharge of the guard, three were killed

on the spot—Gray, Attucks, and Caldwell. Maverick died in the morning, (Mr. Pierce says at one o'clock;) Carr, on the 14th of the month. Five others were very severely wounded; and Mr. Edward Payne, who stood at his own door on the opposite side of the street, also received a shot. From the range of the holes made by bullets in the entry door-posts of this house (where one was lodged some inches deep,) and in the next adjoining it, was derived part of the argument that several guns were discharged from the Custom House windows; but there was better evidence to the same effect.

Gray was known to be at the Rope-walk fight. Hewes was well acquainted with him. It was generally believed that Kelroy, who was also known to be there, had marked *him* out especially in the crowd for his shot, and that he killed him; a supposition rendered none the less probable by the treatment of the dead body, witnessed, as above stated, by Hewes.

Mr. Pierce believes Attucks also to have

been marked in the same manner—distinctly recollecting, as he thinks, that the soldier whose "claws" he had endeavored to knock off, followed him with his eye till the word was given to fire.

Maverick, who is said to have been a clever boy, (17 years old,) was well known, also, to both Hewes and Pierce. The latter points out the house, still standing in Union Street, (No. 26,) where his widowed mother kept a small dry-goods shop. He saw *her* out, also, that fatal evening, in the crowd, with a cloak thrown over her shoulders, trying, apparently, to get him out of harm's way. He was borne to a house in Cornhill, where he died, as above stated.

Carr was another acquaintance of Hewes, as was Caldwell also. The former was an Irishman, about thirty years old, and was journeyman to Field, the leather-breeches-maker in Prison Lane (Court Street.) Caldwell, who was shot in the back, was standing by the side of Hewes at that moment, and the latter caught him in his arms as he

fell, and was one of those who bore him up to Mr. Young's, the Jail-House in Prison Lane. He had lived, formerly, next door to old Mr. Sumner's, but was at this time *second mate** of a vessel commanded by Capt. Morton. This man lived in Cold Lane, and Hewes ran down directly to his house, from Young's, and told him what had happened. The corpse soon followed him. The fury of Morton, as he looked upon the dreadful object, and shouted like a madman for a gun, to run out "and *kill a regular*," affords, probably, a fair specimen of the sensation which now thrilled throughout the Boston community. The soldiers had retreated in safety to their house; and the whole of the guard, and probably many more of their comrades, from Murray's Barracks and elsewhere (Mr. James, who noticed them, thinks by no means any thing like the whole regiment, as has been stated,) formed, with bayonets charged, in the space of King Street south of the Town House, and a little far-

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* A characteristic illustration of the memory of Hewes.

ther down,—almost instantaneously, as it seemed, after the fire,—their guns pointing down the street upon the raging multitude below. Here, among the rest, were those who, according to some of the testimony, were seen rushing so eagerly up to King Street, from Green's Barracks and other quarters, when the alarm was first heard, crying, "*This is what we want!*"—"*Now is our time!*" &c.

This was a critical moment,—none more so in the history of Boston. The town had been seasoning, as it were, for such a scene, all winter. The blood of the Sons of Liberty was running, as the papers describe it, like water, in the chief street of Boston, and was traceable in various directions over the snow of all the avenues around. The dead and dying were borne off by groups of excited men, with pale faces, muttering revenge. The news went over town like a flash. The bells were set ringing, every one of them, in five minutes. The inhabitants rushed into King Street, and all its

neighborhoods, in dense throngs. Women and children turned out. The windows flew up, and were filled with people. The soldiers ran to and fro, half-dressed and half-armed, forcing a passage through the people, who insulted them, and rushed after them with sticks and stones, as they passed. The dead silence which, for a few moments, succeeded the massacre, gave place to such a murmur of mingled passions, out-breaking from gathering thousands of true patriot-hearts—all in confusion yet as to the cause of their own excitement, excepting that they saw and heard what was before them at the moment—as never was known before, and never, we trust, will be known again under the shadow of the "Cradle of Liberty."

At this moment, the front file of the soldiery were kneeling, with guns pointed down the street, and waiting for the word of command, only, to renew the massacre,—each party, as the Committee's Report states, equally eager for action, and the soldiers "outrageous." The consequences of such a

command are too dreadful to be thought of. Providentially, they were prevented by the great exertions of reasonable and respectable men, and especially of the Lieutenant Governor, some of the Council, the principal officers of the military, and many of the magistrates of the town. A large number of citizens, meanwhile, met and consulted at Stone's Tavern (on the corner of King Street and Exchange Lane, opposite the Custom House.) These, and others, remained in the neighborhood for some hours, and refused to retire till the soldiers were withdrawn, and a promise of satisfaction given by "his Honor," which could be depended on. Preston was taken into custody about two o'clock in the morning, and quiet by that time was restored, though many persons, and Hewes among the number, were abroad all night. About a hundred respectable citizens volunteered to act as a guard, and did so. The soldiers who had fired were turned out and arrested, about breakfast time, and it was then that the appearance of Kelroy's

bayonet was noticed. Constable Justin Hale was furnished with the warrant. And so ended the massacre.

Hewes narrowly escaped with his life on this occasion, as upon many others. He was directly exposed to the thickest of the volley, and when Caldwell fell, heard over his shoulder the whistling of the bullets which killed him. His deposition, also, given the next day, and preserved in the Report,—though he seems himself to have pretty much forgotten it,—shows that he was roughly handled afterwards that night,*—as doubtless were many others:—

"George Robert Twelves Hewes, of lawful age, testifies and says, that on the last night, about one o'clock, as he was returning alone from his house to the Town House, he met Sergeant Chambers of the 29th, with eight or nine soldiers, all with very large clubs and cutlasses, when Dodson, a soldier,

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* It will be noticed that his name is here given as he still spells it.

spoke to him and ask'd him how he far'd; he told him very badly, to see his townsmen shot in such a manner, and asked him if he did not think it was a dreadful thing; said Dodson swore roughly it was a fine thing, and said you shall see more of it; and on perceiving I had a cane, he informed Sergeant Chambers of it, who seized and forced it from me, saying I had no right to carry it; I told him I had as good a right to carry a cane as they had to carry clubs, but they hurried off with it into the main guard.

George Robert Twelves Hewes.

March 6, 1770. The deponent further adds, that just before the soldiers came from the main guard to the Custom House, there were about 15 or 16 little boys near the centry, who was standing on the steps of the Custom House; and he saw a young man of middling stature, with a grey coat and short curl'd hair, press by the centinel towards the door of the Custom House and knock at said door, upon which some person

came and opened the door, and he went in and shut the door immediately after him; and at the same time the snow was near a foot deep in King Street.

GEORGE ROBERT TWELVES HEWES.

Suffolk, ss. Boston, March 17, 1770. George Robert Twelves Hewes, above named, after due examination, made oath to the truth of the aforesaid affidavit, taken to perpetuate the memory of the thing.

Before RI. DANA, Just. of Peace and of the Quorum.

JOHN HILL, Just. Peace."

Respecting the circumstance alluded to in the second part of this deposition, there was much other testimony, but it is not necessary to go into it. As to the "little boys," however, a word may be said, to throw light on the scene. Mr. Hewes states, when called on to explain the origin of the massacre, that there was a barber at the head of the street, on the north side, named Piemont, a Frenchman, who usually kept several ap-

prentices; that some of the British officers were in the habit of resorting there; that one of them had come there some months previous, to dress by the quarter, whose bill Piemont promised to allow to the boy who shaved him, if he behaved well; that the quarter had expired, but the money could not be got, though frequent applications had been made for it; and that finally the last application was made that evening, just before the tumult in King Street, and was the immediate occasion of the first uproar in that spot. A dun from a greasy barber's-boy is rather an extraordinary explanation of the origin, or of one of the occasions, of the massacre of the 5th of March. Greater events, however, have sprung from slighter immediate causes. In such cases, generally, the least trifle is sufficient. The statement, at all events, is confirmed by passages of the testimony in the Report, and especially that of the two Greens. These accounts agree with each other, and with the statement of Hewes; and his statement furnishes the ex-

planation, which is not elsewhere found, of the mal-treatment of the barber's-boy, which so many other witnesses confirm without being able to explain. It appears probable the lad provoked the sentry by his importunity about the officer's bill,—whether otherwise cannot be proved; that some brawl arose between them,—chargeable, perhaps, to the soldier altogether, and perhaps not; and that quite a number of other lads took part with the boy, or were at least attracted by the noise, and perhaps by an intimation given beforehand that such an experiment was intended to be tried. All this happened to be going on nearly at the moment of the affray at the Barracks, and the tumult of each party mutually prevented their being aware of the movements of the other till they came more or less together.

Such, then, was the humble origin of a transaction which filled the continent with a sensation never recovered from to this day.

The first effect was the removal of all the troops from the town. At eleven o'clock

on the 6th, a great meeting of the citizens was held in Faneuil Hall, and its arches rang with "the master-voices of American renown." One feeling and opinion alone prevailed. A committee of fifteen of their first men were chosen to wait on the Lieutenant Governor in Council, with a message "fervently praying" for the immediate removal of the soldiery. They then adjourned to meet in the afternoon at the Old South. A reply was brought back by the committee, and voted unsatisfactory, as the papers state, by more than four thousand votes—one only dissentient. Then seven of the first committee, men to be relied on, champions and favorites of the Sons of Liberty, were again deputed with a message. Samuel Adams acted as chairman, and opened his business with great spirit; and the result, after some discussion, was the removal of both regiments to the Castle, in less than a fortnight. The conduct of Adams, on this occasion, made a strong impression upon the minds of the people.

The Custom House from this time assumed, as Mr. Hewes states, the popular title of *Butcher's Hall.*

CHAPTER VII.

Ceremonies succeeding the massacre.—Other incidents of interest following.—Account of an early administration of the tar-and-feathers process in Boston, in the case of John Malcom, occasioned by his assault on Hewes.—Dr. Warren.

We have remarked how narrowly both the parties engaged in the memorable transaction described in the last chapter, avoided the awful consequences of a general collision between them in King Street. It might have been added to the circumstances which enforced that thought, that the country in the vicinity of Boston was really as much excited, and as well prepared for acting upon the strength of it, as the town itself; probably almost as much so as they shewed themselves to be five years after, when the

descent upon Lexington brought myriads of them out with arms in hand, at a few days' notice. The papers of the week succeeding the massacre state that the villages around Boston were then actually under arms, and waiting only for a signal to pour into the "gates of the city," as the Gazette says, "by the thousand."

The funeral ceremonies, which were observed on Thursday the 8th, if we may judge from the recollections of the few veterans now amongst us, (including Hewes,) who witnessed them,—as well as the cotemporaneous authorities in print,—attracted together *the greatest concourse which had then ever assembled upon any one occasion in America.* Gray and Maverick were borne from the dwellings of their friends; Attucks and Caldwell, being strangers, from Faneuil Hall;—till all united in King Street, on the spot of the bloodshed. Thence they proceeded through the Main Street, to the middle (Park Street) burying-ground, the four hearses followed by a vast multitude of people, walk-

ing, six deep, and a long train of carriages, belonging to the principal gentry of the town. Not only all the bells in Boston were pealing the solemn knell of death during the ceremonies, but those, also, of the neighboring towns.

For a year or two after this, Boston was tolerably quiet. McMasters, to be sure—one of the firm* of brothers who kept at the corner of King Street and Pudding Lane, (now Devonshire Street,)—was rather unceremoniously carted through town, with a bag of feathers and a barrel of tar by his side, for violating the merchants' agreement; but the poor fellow was so frightened in the preparatory process, that the people lacked the heart to execute their intention. They gave him some cordials, revived him, seated him comfortably on a chair in the cart, dragged him very good-naturedly out to Roxbury line, and there, on his promise of good behavior, dismissed him with cheers. This was a clever mob, certainly. Nor was there

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* James and Patrick McMasters & Co.

a worse one for some time. Exasperated as the people were by the massacre, no attempt was made to control the course of justice; and even when the soldiers were discharged, it created no tumult. Neither did the annual commemorations of that bloody affair,—which now took the place of the ancient Gunpowder-Plot celebrations,—though great crowds were assembled, and highly exciting ceremonies frequently observed on those occasions. Old Mr. Revere, particularly,—not less distinguished as a Liberty-man than as an engraver,—attracted the notice of thousands by his illuminated exhibition of poor Snider's ghost, and the whole tragedy of the 5th, in North Square; and a great multitude turned out one Election-Day, (1770,) to carry an ox through town, which was roasted afterwards on the Common—by way of an offset for the Governor's refusal to adjourn the Legislature from Watertown to Boston;—but all these things were done decently and in order.

We may as well record, in this connec-

tion, as at least a curious reminiscence, the occasion of what has been said to be the first use in Boston of the latterly fashionable practice of tarring and feathering, which is scarcely so much as mentioned before the case of McMasters, in which, we have seen, it was not used.* The papers then styled it a "*newly invented*" mode of punishment. The person distinguished as its first notorious subject, was a man named John Malcom, one of the King's custom-officers, if we mistake not; but, at all events, well known and quite obnoxious to the inhabitants as a Tory of the meaner class;–though Mr. James, who knew him, supposes him to have been a near relative of the more honorably distinguished Whig merchant of the same name, —Daniel Malcom, we think,—noted as the first who forcibly opposed the execution of some of the odious revenue laws, at his own house or store,—which circumstance, by the way, was recorded to his credit on his grave-

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* We believe the newspapers some years previous will show that it was tried on a small scale before.

stone, on Copps' Hill, where it may still be deciphered. John, as it will be seen, was quite another character. He lived (says Mr. Hewes) at the head of Cross Street, where he worked in some capacity for a man by the name of Scott, when one day, as Hewes was returning from dinner to his shop, (for he continued at hard work all this time—as industrious and as impartial as ever,) he met Malcom at the mouth of the street. He was engaged in an altercation with a boy who was dragging a hand-sled before him—the snow being a foot deep, or more, on the ground. The lad complained of his having turned over *his* chips, the day before, into the snow, and wanted to know what good that could do him.

"Do you talk to me in that style, you rascal!" said Malcom; and he was raising his cane, to give emphasis to his answer, over the boy's head, just as Hewes came up. The latter was unarmed, and small, but it was no way of his, cost what it might, to see foul play. He stepped up to Malcom with-

out ceremony, and warned him not to strike the lad with that cudgel. Malcom, in a rage already, now left his smaller game, and fronted Hewes:

"And do you presume to insult me, too, you scoundrel!—what have *you* to do with it?"

"I am no scoundrel, Sir," said Hewes,—"and be it known to you"—

Malcom, at this, levelled a blow with his cane, which struck Hewes over the top of his head, cutting a hole two inches long through his hat, and brought him to the ground. One Captain Godfrey came up at this moment, and helped him to rise. There was a bad wound on his temples, and the blood ran down his face in streams. "Who did this?" cried Godfrey, in a voice of thunder. Hewes was known for a good Son of Liberty, as well as Malcom was for a Tory, and the by-standers, who were fast gathering by this time, quickly interfered. Malcom contrived to get a weapon into his hand and keep them at bay, till he could flee to

his house, where he fastened himself in. Hewes, meanwhile, had gone to Dr. Warren* (Joseph) who was a relative (his grandmother's sister's son) and an old acquaintance of his; and the Doctor, after dressing his head, had advised him to get a warrant out against Malcom. He got one, accordingly, of Justice Dana. Constable Hale undertook to execute it. He found the house surrounded by a crowd of people. Malcom, from his back window, begged him to let him alone till morning, as he was afraid they would tear him to pieces, if he ventured out. He concluded to do so, and Hewes went away with him. This, probably, only made the matter worse. The people became more furious, while Malcom, on the other hand, armed himself to the teeth, with sword, pistols, and broad-axe, took possession of the upper story, and threatened destruction to the first person who trespassed on the premises. An acquaintance of his got in at the back-door, at length, by deceiving his wife,

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* In Orange-Tree Lane.

by a stratagem induced him to put his weapons by, seized him by the back in that condition, and hallooed to the people, who stood waiting to help him, which they did with a relish. They got a horse-cart, and lowered him out of the window by ropes into that. They called for *feathers*, and two pillow-cases-full were shortly produced—probably from Malcom's own stores. They started for Henchman's Wharf, and there took in a quantity of *tar*, the purpose of which, if it remained,—from the strangeness of the newly-invented wonder,—a query before, was soon explained by their stripping poor Malcom naked above the breast, and plastering over his upper extremities. Thence they carted him to *Butcher's Hall;* thence to Shubael Hewess,' who kept a butcher's-market at that period on the Main Street, in a wooden house near the Old South Church, with a jutting upper story, which still stands there (and was pointed out by our veteran on his last visit to the city.) Here, as in King Street, a flagellation was tried. Then

they drove to Liberty-Tree—to the gallows on the Neck—back to the Tree—to Butcher's Hall again—to Charlestown ferry—to Copp's Hill,—flogging the miserable wretch at every one of these places, if not some more—a fact which the papers of the day overlook, for obvious reasons, though the Gazette acknowledges that he was "*bruised*" in such a manner "that his life is despaired of." Hewes states that when they left him at the door of his own house, after a four-hours' torture, the poor creature was almost frozen, and was rolled out of the cart like a log. Dr. Gardiner, who met Hewes soon after, told him that it took three days to get his blood into circulation again; adding, in the same breath, the consolatory compliment, that *he*, as the cause of it, would infallibly be hanged, and ought to be.

The Doctor (not to charge him with the least rancor on the score of the affair of the small-pox,) was doubtless ignorant of one or two things which it is but justice to his patient to mention. Hewes could not

be blamed, certainly, for complaining to the Justice and taking the warrant, had he done it at his own suggestion, instead of Dr. Warren's, or any body's else. The assault was unprovoked and outrageous; and the wound so serious that the indentation it made in his skull is as plainly perceptible to this moment as it was sixty years ago. Indeed, as the Doctor told him when he dressed it, it was within one of his life. "Cousin Hewes," said he, good-humoredly, "you are the luckiest man I know of, to have such a skull—nothing else could have saved you;" and nothing else did. It was the narrowest of all his dodgings of death.

Nor was he accessory in any way to the disgraceful treatment which Malcom received; so far from it, that when he first heard of his miserable situation, his instant impulse was to push after the procession as fast as he could, with a *blanket* to put over his shoulders. He overtook them at his brother's house and made an effort to relieve him; but the ruffians who now had the charge

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of him about the cart, pushed him aside, and warned him to keep off.

Malcom recovered from his wounds, and went about as usual. "How do you do, Mr. Malcom?" said Hewes, very civilly, the next time he met him. "Your humble servant, Mr. George Robert Twelves Hewes," quoth he—touching his hat genteelly as he passed by. "Thank ye," thought Hewes, "and I am glad you have learned *better manners at last.*"

Nor was that the only benefit which accrued to this unfortunate politician. The frost caused an affection which caused a considerable portion of the skin to peel off. This, with a quantity of the tar and feathers that adhered to him, it is understood he carefully preserved, boxed up, and carried with him to England, as a testimonial of his sacrifices for the royal cause; and he obtained, it is said, a pension of fifty pounds on the strength of it, but died two years afterwards. To some speculators upon small capital, the hint may not be without its val-

ue, though we can hardly wish them the luck of "feathering their nest" by the Butcher's Hall preparation.

CHAPTER VIII.

Brief recapitulation of the history of the tea-politics.—The principle involved.—The public sentiment of the times.—Curious anecdotes of its manifestation and effect.—Hancock's conduct concerning it.—His advertisements in the Gazette.—Vibert's trouble with his wife.—Proceedings of the Boston Matrons.—The Young Ladies.—The Spinners.—Cutler, and Lilly.—Progress of things till 1773.—Reflections on the tea-policy.

It is remarkable that on the 5th of March, 1770, while the bloody spectacle of King Street was enacted, Lord North, then Prime Minister of Great Britain, was preparing, and supporting with a speech, in the House of Commons, the repeal of all the American duties, excepting that imposed upon *tea*. On the policy of such an act, especially as to its partial character, it is needless to enlarge. It is enough for our present purpose to reca-

pitulate the facts that it was passed, and that it proved a failure. The other articles were admitted pretty much as usual, and the voluntary combination by which their circulation had been restrained, were dissolved. The continuance of the tea duty, however, was entirely sufficient to keep up the discontent of the colonies, and especially of the Province of Massachusetts. The whole question agitated concerned, not the number of articles taxed, or the amount of taxes, but the right of taxation, in any degree, under the circumstances of the case; the right in Parliament to tax an unrepresented British population;—a right, of course, that, if denied at all, must be denied in the least tittle as well as in the largest amount; and which, if admitted at all, was ready to be imposed at any time, to any extent which it should suit the pleasure of Parliament to determine. This question still remained open. Threepence on tea—or any other amount on any other article—was as sufficient a cause of the continuance of its discussion, and of all

the hostility it occasioned, as any imposition of the kind which could have been attempted on the one hand, or anticipated on the other.

Such was the understanding of those who had objected to the duties at large, and whom it was intended to conciliate by an act which surrendered the pecuniary quantity of the imposition, without either repealing the principle or withdrawing the claim.

Measures were adopted accordingly by the Whigs. The combination of the merchants against it continued precisely as before. "It will perhaps be surprising to the people of the neighboring provinces"—says the Gazette of April, 1770—"to be told that there is not above *one* seller of tea in this town, who has not signed an agreement to dispose of no more of that article until the late revenue acts are repealed." This was before the news of the last Act had reached them, but that intelligence made no change in the state of the case, as regarded the tea, in practice, any more than in the theory of law. In

about half a dozen cargoes of various goods, sent out from London in the course of a few months from the date above mentioned, it appears there was something like half a cargo of the obnoxious commodity, which the exporters, and part of the importers too, had doubtless expected to pass in under cover of the general good feeling occasioned by the late legislation. But they were greatly mistaken. Its arrival produced a ferment in the community which nothing could allay but the *return* of the whole of it. John Hancock, ever as ready as he was able for such emergencies, offered a vessel of his own, freight-free, for the purpose; and she was loaded, "with despatch," and sent back to London, with the contraband commodity untouched.

The Ladies of Boston—always for Liberty—had taken this matter up some time before, in the true spirit. "We are credibly informed," said the Gazette in February, "that upwards of one hundred Ladies, at the north part of the town, have, of their

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own free will and accord, come into and signed an agreement not to drink any tea till the Revenue-Acts are repealed." This agreement was published the week after, and expressly declared the intention of joining the citizens at large, who had, in January, resolved, unanimously, at a Faneuil Hall meeting, "*totally to abstain from the use of tea.*" The mistresses of three hundred families had subscribed this paper at that date, and among them were those of the highest standing. The "Young Ladies," pretty soon afterwards, followed this fine example, and multitudes subscribed a document in these terms:—

"*Boston, February* 12, 1770.

"We—the daughters of those patriots who have, and do now appear for the public interest, and in that principally regard their posterity—as such do with pleasure engage with them in denying ourselves the drinking of foreign tea, in hopes to frustrate a plan that tends to *deprive the whole community of all that is valuable in life.*"

The unanimity of public sentiment is perhaps still more clearly deducible from advertisements such as the following—for nothing could show more plainly the advance of general opinion than the shrinking of the quick nerve of pecuniary sensibility, in business-calculators like this Vibert. It is better than a volume of disquisition:

"Whereas, some evil-minded person or persons did, in the beginning of this week, post up a number of printed hand-bills, in many parts of the town, setting forth that Mary Vibert *had purchased tea of William Jackson;* which probably was done *to raise the resentment of the inhabitants*, and to injure me in my business, which wholly depends on the employ of the merchants and traders of the town, in repairing of vessels, &c.—This is to inform the public that neither myself nor my wife, nor any person for us, have, directly nor indirectly, bought any other article of said William Jackson, since the vote at the meeting of the merchants and

traders on the 23d of January last. *If it should be thought this declaration not satisfactory unless sworn to, both Mrs. Vibert and myself are ready to attest the same before any magistrate.* ISAAC VIBERT.

Boston, Feb. 14, 1770.

N. B. *The occasion of Mrs. Vibert's going to Mr. Jackson's shop, was, a number of shoes from Lynn was left there for her, and she called there on Saturday last, and took them away.*"

This Jackson was one of the few merchants of some standing, who persisted in importing, contrary to agreement, and to the wishes of the great body of the people. He kept in King Street, near the Town-House, at the sign (quite appropriate, the people considered it) of the Brzaen-Head. The McMasters, who had traded in the same neighborhood, were, about this time, induced, by the unequivocal declarations of certain people who gave them a *call* occasionally, to abandon their odious traffic.

So much was now thought of the system of encouraging manufactures and productions of our own, rather than foreign,—and in other matters still, as well as in tea,—that every thing tending to promote this current of sentiment, however insignificant or indifferent otherwise, was sure to be made the most of. One of the papers, for example, notices in a most formal and flattering style, a meeting (that is to say, a *party*) of some forty or fifty young ladies—*alias*, "Daughters of Liberty"—at the Rev. Mr. Morehead's house, where they amused themselves with spinning, in the course of the day, "232 skeins of yarn—some very fine—which were given to the worthy pastor"—several of the party (though not all) being members of his own congregation. This was a capital affair, according to all accounts. Love, Fraternity, and Application, (in large letters,) marked the proceedings throughout. Numerous spectators came in to admire them. Some refreshment was indulged in; but "*wholly American productions*," we are care-

fully apprized, "except a little *wine*," &c.; and "the whole was concluded with many agreeable tunes, anthems, and liberty-songs, with great judgment;—fine voices performing, which were animated, in all their several parts, by a number of the Sons of Liberty." It is added, that there were said to be upwards of a hundred "*Spinners*" in Mr. Morehead's society.

Here is another characteristic paragraph:

"On Thursday morning last, one Ebenezer Cutler, of Oxford, came to Boston, and pulling out some quantity of money, began discourses with several persons concerning buying *tea;* and in special insulted one of the Committee of Inspection [appointed at Faneuil Hall] of land-carriages at the South-End; repeatedly declaring he would buy tea, or what he pleased, and of whom he pleased, without regard to any honorable committee-men, or any other men. In the afternoon he returned to the South-End, where he began the farce, and boast-

ingly shewed a bag of tea, containing about a dozen pounds, on which the committeeman aforesaid grew a little more serious with him;"—and so the story goes on, describing how the bag was finally put in custody of a referee, and how, about day-break Friday morning, Cutler was caught going out through "Little Cambridge," with two wagon-loads of goods, said to be imported by Theophilus Lilly—whose concern in the matter, it is added, was very apparent from his having hired a horse and chaise at Charlestown, to go to Oxford, that same day; "*and we hear that the inhabitants of that place have testified their great displeasure at the man who hired a horse and chaise to a perfidious Importer,*"

Even John Hancock, as popular as he was,—and he was chosen Representative in these days by almost every vote of the town,—thought himself obliged to come out, at one period in 1770, and advertise, in allusion to a New York rumor, that he had not in any instance deviated from the merchants'

agreement, and to *"defy all mankind to prove the contrary;"* and it was not till April, 1771, that he announced to the public the reception of a cargo of what *had been* contraband goods, to be sold "at wholesale, at the very lowest rates, at his Store, No. 4, East End of Faneuil Hall Market, where constant attendance will be given, and the favours of his customers duly acknowledged." This store stood upon ground now covered by the head of the Quincy Market.

Matters went on pretty much thus, until 1773, the interest of the public in the tea-politics rather flagging, however, we presume, than otherwise. This was natural enough. Not only was less said publicly on the subject, to animate the people,—and scarcely any thing *out* of Massachusetts,—"every other colony having made *its peace*" as a prominent writer stated, for a Tory *argument*, about this time; but the motive, also, for the observance of the non-drinking combination, not to say the non-importing, had been in a great measure done away by

the ease with which tea could be smuggled. The East-India Company ascertained, or thought they did, accurately, that the annual *consumption* of the Colonies was at this period over three millions of pounds. This, by the way, was at the rate of a pound to every person; and that is an amount of consumption vastly greater, probably, than is known even at this period in any European country, with the exception of the United Kingdom; greater, even, than it is in our own, by something like one third—the quantity having been recently estimated by good authority at only ten millions of pounds. It was not very far behind the amount used even in the mother country at the same date; not more than in the proportion of perhaps two to three. Such was the popularity of the article, (a fact strikingly illustrative of the interest taken in the matter as a political question, by those who bound themselves to refrain from its use,) and such the facility with which it was now introduced, and generally understood, we

suppose, to be so. For the three years succeeding the agreements, it is said not one chest in five hundred was seized. This also was in some measure another indication of the strength of popular sentiment concerning the whole matter. The custom-officers were scrupulously shy of provoking the public by gratuitous seizures, or what they considered decidedly odious measures of any sort. A great part of this tea came from Holland, where it could be had at a less price than the Company would furnish it for, even without the duty.

There never was a more notable instance of the fruitless folly of laws,—and especially such as are meant to operate in the sumptuary way,—to which an intelligent people, intended to be affected by them, is opposed. There was probably considerably more of the persecuted beverage introduced into the colonies while the duty lasted, than there would have been without it. Very likely there was as much more,—taking the country at large and a series of years together,—

consumed. Such laws provoke and promote violation, for the mere purpose of violation; and especially in malcontent periods.—"Where there is a will, there is a way," is as true of a people as of a man. The American will, before the duties, was to drink tea, but it was still more so after that quarrel, and an attempted restraint. That made them tenfold more thirsty. They would have gone to raising it in this country, if it could not have been smuggled. The Southern States were well situated for it, (as they are still, of course,) and were not then engrossed with a more lucrative culture. Even in New England they began to talk about it. In Connecticut, the policy of trying a crop of Bohea was discussed in the papers; for "tea," as one of the papers of the day expressed it, very honestly, "*tea, at all events, we must have.*"

CHAPTER IX.

Continuation of the Tea-History, through 1773, down to the arrival of the first cargo in Boston Harbor.—Smuggling and other traits of the times.—Letter published in London.—Proceedings at the South.—Caucuses. —Dealings with the Boston Consignees.—Town-Meetings.—Country-Meetings. Bold sentiments advanced.—Disturbances.

The smuggling we have mentioned was of course a bad business for the Company, and rather fretted them. It is calculated that they lost by it about forty thousand pounds sterling, profits, a year, deducting incidental charges, and calculating the duties to be paid by themselves. To be sure, this was upon the understanding that the Americans would drink as much of their tea —or might be in some way induced or coerced to do so—as of any body or every body's else; and that was a great mistake, as we have before suggested, though the difficulty never was reduced to the disagreeable alternative of swallowing theirs, or doing without the favorite luxury altogether. The mass

of the people, and especially of the women, we suspect, could do, and did, pretty much as they had a mind to. Those who agreed not to drink, adhered to that bond so long as it seemed necessary. Others had a sufficient regard for public sentiment to make their tea in a *coffee-pot*,* or drink it in a back room, —fearing even the suspicion of encouraging *the* odious tea, though not enough animated with the martyr-spirit of the sweet "Spinners" of Boston to abandon the beverage entirely.

However—not to be impertinently curious as to these little matters—though the Company were, as we have said, mistaken in their calculation of profits that were to be, they resolved to try the experiment fairly, after their own fashion. In August, 1773, they obtained a license to export a quantity of tea to America, not exceeding 600,000 pounds, "discharged from the payment of any custom duties whatever," in the King-

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* As we have recently heard a venerable lady,—who was as good a Whig as some others,—confess.

dom, on the understanding that they should pay three-pence duty at the custom-houses in America.

This intelligence revived the whole dispute. It was understood at once, that if the tea should be landed, it would be sold, and the duty of course would be paid. The whole question was then brought to an issue,—a practical one,—to be decided on the spot, and decided forever. If the Government were suffered to have their way in this instance, the precedent, if not the principle, would be established; and that would be at once the end of the contest for liberty, and the beginning of indefinite civil imposition. The excitement, therefore, was very great; and by no means in Boston, or in Massachusetts, alone;—as the following extract of a letter from a British officer, stationed at New York, to his friend in London—re-published in a Boston paper of the ensuing spring—will indicate, without the necessity of going into the well-known details of history:

"*All America*," says he, "*is in a flame*,

on account of the tea-exportation. The New-Yorkers, as well as the Bostonians and Philadelphians, it seems, are determined that no tea shall be landed. They have published a paper in numbers, called the "*Alarm.*" It begins first with "*Dear Countrymen,*" and then goes on exhorting them to open their eyes, and like Sons of Liberty throw off all connection with the tyrant, their mother country. They have on this occasion raised a company of artillery, and every day, almost, are practising at a target. Their independent companies are out, and exercise, every day. The minds of the lower people are inflamed by the examples of some of their principals. They swear that they will burn every ship that comes in; but I believe that our six and twelve pounders, with the Royal Welch Fusiliers, will prevent any thing of that kind."

In the Southern cities, mentioned above, our readers are aware that, no persons being found willing to take charge of the tea, the cargoes sent out to them returned as they

came, with the exception, we think, of a few chests one Captain had on board his vessel, upon the account of a private trader—which was thrown into the sea. At Charleston, a quantity was permitted to be landed, which, however, was ruined by the dampness of the place where it lay.

In Boston, the interest always taken in the matter was enhanced at this juncture by the fact that a few of their own citizens were not only willing to act as consignees of the tea, but had even been eager, by their agents in London, to forestall the privilege of receiving it, or of furnishing the vessels for its importation. Such was understood to be the case particularly with the Messrs. Clarkes, (firm of Richard Clarke & Sons,) and one of the earliest open manifestations of the feeling of the populace—which probably was not much more than a fair indication of that of the public at large—appeared in connection with them. What was concluded to be done at the numerous caucuses, in various parts of the town, which, as the papers state,

were held even in October, to consult on the best plan for preventing the execution of the Company's design—we know not;—and presume it would be difficult, as in case of a good deal of the domestic history of that era, to ascertain. We know, however, what was done in open day-light—or a little before—on the 2d of November, when, at the unfashionable hour of one o'clock in the morning, the Clarkes, (who lived in the "Cook House," near the King's Chapel, in School Street,*) were roused from sleep by a violent knocking at the door; and the same attention was probably paid to the other gentlemen concerned, or supposed to be, in the object of the call. This was Friday, and a notification was delivered at the doors, or left under them, requiring the consignees, that were to be, to appear at noon the next day, under Liberty Tree, publicly to resign their commission, and fail not at their peril. In due time was served the following handbill:—

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* Massachusetts Gazette.

"To the freemen of this and the neighboring towns: Gentlemen!—You are desired to meet at the Liberty Tree this day, at 12 o'clock at noon, then and there to hear the persons to whom the Tea shipped by the E. I. Company is consigned, make a public resignation of their office as consignees, upon oath—and also swear that they will re-ship any teas that may be consigned to them by the said Company, by the first vessel sailing for London.
O. C., Sec'y.

Boston, Nov. 3, 1773.

☞ *Show us the men that dare take this down!*"

Early in the morning, a large flag was hung out from the pole at the Tree. The bells rang from 11 to 12, and the town-crier went through the streets all the while, calling the people to the spot. About five hundred assembled, but not the consignees among them. Messrs. Molineux, Wm. Dennie, Warren, Dr. Church, Maj. Barber, Johonnot, Proctor, and Cheever, all noted

Whigs, were chosen a committee to expostulate with the gentlemen, on behalf of the people, and request them to subscribe a certain paper; and being impatient, the multitude, in genuine democratic style, chose to accompany their representatives in person to their destination, the store of the Clarkes, in King Street, where all the consignees were understood to be. An interview took place. The reply was unsatisfactory. The people, of course, manifested some displeasure, but, without doing any serious damage, they were soon persuaded to disperse.

The next day a town-meeting was called, at 10, A. M., by order of the Selectmen, on the petition of sundry citizens, recited in the notification, and setting forth the damage apprehended to our liberties from the proposed *tribute.* It was fully attended. John Hancock was moderator. Spirited resolutions were adopted, to the effect that the duty imposed on tea landed in America was a tax upon Americans without their consent; and that the Company's plan was an evi-

dent attempt to enforce the collection of it, requiring the virtuous and steady opposition of every freeman, as a duty to his country, and his posterity, as well as to himself. The Selectmen, with Henderson Inches and Benjamin Austin, were appointed to wait on the gentlemen-consignees, and request them to resign their commissions. The meeting came together again in the afternoon, and heard a report as to a part of the gentlemen, —which was unsatisfactory,—and adjourned to Saturday. At that meeting, which also was full, the replies yet expected were received,—all evasive,—and it being then voted that these communications from the consignees were "*daringly affrontive*" to the town, the meeting was dissolved. There were said to be at least four hundred tradesmen present on these occasions.*

It is probable that some symptoms were now becoming apparent of more serious popular disorders than had yet been witnessed. The papers of the 18th attest that *the town*

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* Massachusetts Gazette.

had been quiet the week previous—from which the inference is pretty obvious. From the respectable classes no illegal disturbance was expected, they being probably understood to mingle in some of those assemblies which wore much of that aspect—as at the Liberty Tree on the 3d—rather with the view of preventing than of promoting any disgraceful result.

It is remarkable that on the 12th of the month, as a newspaper states, the Captain-General of the Province issued an order to the Commander of his Excellency's Company of *Cadets*, (Bostonians) signifying that *as they had before signalized themselves on a necessary occasion*, it was his wish that they should, one and all, stand ready to be called out for the purpose of aiding the civil magistrates in keeping the peace. The officer in command was Col. John Hancock.*

*The same paper states on the authority of a gentleman from New York, that the civil authorities of that place had promised to aid in suppressing all tumultuary proceedings on account of the tea.

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The congratulatory remark of the paper of the 18th, cited above, on the good behavior of the people—which, to be sure, was true of the great mass of them, at the worst —is no new example, we suspect, of a difficulty to which those editors are subject who undertake to announce the *news* of the morning so promptly as to be one day or night in advance of the facts. It so happened, unfortunately for friend Draper of the Gazette, that the most considerable uproar of the season took place the evening of the 17th, in the very heart of the town, to wit, in School Street, at the house of the Clarkes. The immediate occasion was the arrival, that day, of the young man, Jonathan, from London, where he had been procuring the consignment above mentioned to his firm. A little party of family-friends had assembled to greet him, and were probably in pretty good spirits, when they were most unceremoniously startled by a violent beating at the door, accompanied with variations of whistling, shouting, and blowing of horns,

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which altogether made up a decidedly disagreeable alarum. Doubtless, however, the call was anticipated, and they were not unprepared for it. The ladies, somewhat frightened, were bestowed snugly into the safest recesses of the dwelling, while the gentlemen secured the avenues of its lower story as well as they were able. The yard and vicinity were now filled with people, and the noise continued. One of the garrison warned them to disperse, from an upper window, and getting no better reply than a pelting of stones, he discharged a pistol, probably over the heads of the crowd. The clamor abated a little, but soon came on again, with a shower of missiles, which broke in the lower windows, and damaged some furniture. The gentlemen, meanwhile, received a reinforcement of their friends, and the spirit of the mob began to flag. A well-disposed citizen stepped in, and used his influence for a truce, which finally was agreed to, and they quietly dispersed.

The consignees now threw themselves

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openly on the protection of the Governor and Council; and, a few days after, took refuge, no doubt at his suggestion, at the Castle in the harbor, which was still garrisoned by the royal troops.

The tea was now hourly expected, and the sensation increased, till it was apparently no exaggeration to say that the town was "*greatly alarmed*,"—or at least agitated,—in that anticipation; and such was the language of the official notification of a meeting which was held on the 18th at Faneuil Hall. The professed purpose of it was to determine what more, if any thing, should be said to the traders,—a vessel from London having arrived (since the general meeting) which was supposed to have done away the pretext of their evasion, by furnishing them with decisive intelligence as to their commissions. Mr. Hancock presided again. The gentlemen were applied to as before, through a committee; and as before, gave an unsatisfactory reply, with only the additional suggestion that they now understood their Eng-

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lish friends had entered into penal engagements on their behalf, which made it impossible for them to comply with the request of the town. The latter voted it unsatisfactory, also, as before, and the meeting was dissolved.

The next week, large tea-meetings were held at Cambridge and Charlestown, (as soon afterwards in numerous other places,) which were decidedly of a character to encourage and gratify the spirit of the Whigs of Boston. The Cambridge citizens, particularly, considered it apparent,—and that, doubtless, was getting to be a general feeling,—that "the town of Boston are now struggling for the LIBERTIES [such is their emphasis] of their country;" and they therefore *resolved*, "that this Town can no longer stand idle spectators, but are ready, on the shortest notice, to *join with the Town of Boston, and other Towns, in any measure that may be thought proper to deliver ourselves and posterity from slavery.*" This is strong language—"daringly affrontive" to the roy-

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al dignity on its face; and rather embarrassing, as we can readily imagine, to its understrappers, in all the region round about, who must now have begun to surmise, that the famous representations made recently (in the disclosed correspondence) by British officers, of the contemptible character of the rebellious and riotous *faction*, might probably have been in some degree mistaken; and that even more than met the ear in "every day's report," might be meant by *some* people, if not by the patriotic party at large. Now, in a word, as much as at any former period, was agitated, in embryo, the momentous questions of union among the colonies, if possible, and of forcible resistance of such as were ready to resist, at all events, which had been so boldly propounded, in the most public manner, during the previous season. The Massachusetts Representatives, in their reply to the Governor's January speech, had gone so far as to say—" notwithstanding the terrors which your Excellency has depicted as the effects of a *total independence*, there is

more reason to dread the consequences of absolute, uncontrolled power, whether of a nation or a monarch, than those of a *total independence.*" This was pretty clear; and Boston followed it up as closely in their instructions to their own representatives, (S. Adams, Hancock, and Wm. Phillips,) chosen in May, when they recommended an application to the other Colonies on the subject of "the plan proposed by our noble patriotic sister colony of Virginia," as a security against the "threatened liberties" of the land.

The annual Town-Meeting was held on Saturday, the 27th. On Sunday, "the long-expected and much-talked-of *Tea*," as it was announced, arrived in port,—one hundred and fourteen chests of it, in the ship Dartmouth, Captain James Hall, eight weeks from London,—a much more common length of passage in those days than now.

Now indeed had come the "*decisive moment*," as Botta calls it. It was the crisis of the American Revolution. We shall soon see how it turned.

CHAPTER X.

Arrival of the tea-vessels.—Excitement and proceedings in consequence.—Great meetings.—Meeting on the 16th of December.—Proceedings of the Tea-Party that evening detailed.—Extracts from old papers.—New anecdotes of the scene.—-Lendall, Pitts, O'Conner and others.—Barber and Procter.—The British Admiral.—Incidents subsequent.—Conduct of Salem, Charlestown, and other towns.—Various Rumors.—Comment.

The excitement occasioned in town and country, by the arrival of the Dartmouth, can better be imagined than described; and better inferred, too, than imagined—inferred, for example, from the terms of the notification which, on Monday morning, was posted up all over Boston:

"Friends!—Brethren!—Countrymen!—that worst of plagues, the detested Tea, shipped for this Port by the East-India Company, is now arrived in this Harbour; the Hour of Destruction, or manly opposition to the Machinations of Tyranny, stares you in

the Face; every Friend to his Country, to himself, and to Posterity, is now called upon to meet at *Faneuil Hall*, at nine o'clock, THIS DAY (at which time the Bells will ring) to make a united and successful resistance to this last, worst and most destructive measure of administration.

Boston, Nov. 29th, 1773."

This notification brought together a large concourse of the people of Boston and the neighboring towns, at the time and place appointed. The first step of this meeting was to confirm the resolve of the town, that "the tea should be returned to the place from whence it came, at all events." It then appearing that the Hall could not contain the people assembled, it was voted to adjourn to the Old South, (leave having been obtained for that purpose.) There it was further resolved, that "the tea should not only be sent back, but no duty should be paid thereon." Then, to give time for the consignees to prepare a communication to this body, the meet-

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ing was adjourned to 3 P. M. In the afternoon, Captain Hall, and Mr. Francis Rotch, the owner of the Dartmouth, were "convented" and charged not to land the tea, at their peril. A watch of twenty-five persons, under command of Capt. Proctor, was appointed to prevent the landing of the tea in the night. Censure was passed on the Governor, for an order he had issued to the law officers. An excuse was then offered by Mr. Hancock, in the name of a friend of the consignees, for their delay; and "out of great tenderness" to them, the meeting was adjourned to nine o'clock the next morning.

Tuesday, November 30th, the Body met according to adjournment, and received a letter from the consignees, informing that their orders had arrived from the East-India Company, and stating that it was entirely out of their power to send the tea back, but that they were willing to store it until they could send to England for further advice. Before the assembly had time to express their indignation at this communication, Mr. Sher-

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iff Greenleaf came into the meeting, and begged "leave to read a letter he had received from the Governor," requiring him to read a proclamation to the people here assembled; which was granted and done. "Whereupon it was moved and the question put, whether the Sheriff should be permitted to read the proclamation, which passed in the affirmative, *nem. con.*" It was an order "forthwith to disperse and surcease all farther unlawful proceedings, at their utmost peril. And the same being read by the Sheriff, there was immediately afterwards a loud and very general hiss."—And the question being put, whether the assembly would disperse, &c., according to the Governor's requirement, it passed in the affirmative, *nem. con.*

There was another meeting in the afternoon, when, after ineffectual conference with Mr. Copley, a friend of the consignees, Captain Hall, and the owners and factors of the Dartmouth and other vessels expected, were put under solemn injunction

not to land a particle of the tea. Captain Ezekiel Cheever was appointed to command the watch this night, and provision was made for a watch "the following nights, until the vessels leave the harbor." If the watch should be molested in the night, the bells were to be tolled, or rung if anything happened in the day-time. "Six persons were appointed to give notice to the country towns, when they shall be required so to do, on any important occasion."

Resolutions of gentle censure were next passed against those who had inadvertently imported tea from Great Britain while subject to a duty; and followed by another, which declared whoever should hereafter import, until the said unrighteous act shall be repealed, an enemy to this country. Then it was "*Voted*, that it is the determination of this Body to carry their votes and resolutions into execution, at the risk of their lives and property." Provision now being made for the disposal of the expected vessels, and thanks from those of the Body belong-

ing to Boston tendered to those of the neighboring towns, and to the moderator for his good services, the meeting was dissolved.

On the first of December, Captain James Bruce, of the ship Eleanor, arrived with another portion of the tea. On the 3d, he was ordered to attend, the next day, on a committee of the people, in Faneuil Hall, where he was commanded by Samuel Adams and Jonathan Williams, assembled with John Rowe, John Hancock, William Phillips, and John Pitts, Esqrs., and a great number of others, not to land any of the said tea, but to proceed to Griffin's Wharf, and there discharge the rest of the cargo. Captain Hezekiah Coffin arrived in the brig Beaver near the same time, and was ordered to pursue the same course.

It being perceived that Mr. Rotch rather lingered in his preparations to return the Dartmouth to London, and the twenty days being nearly expired after which the Collector might seize the ship and cargo, Mr. R. was summoned before the committee, and

stated to them that it would prove his entire ruin, if he should comply with the resolutions of the 29th and 30th of November, and therefore he should not do it.*

On Tuesday morning, the 14th, the following notice was posted up:

"Friends!—Brethren!—Countrymen!—The perfidious arts of your restless enemies to render ineffectual the resolutions of the body of the people, demand your assembling at the Old South Meeting-House precisely at two o'clock, this day, at which time the bells will ring."

This call was anonymous; the official etiquette, before observed, was forgotten, and the people were this time summoned also to meet, in the first instance, at the Old South; all significant circumstances. Faneuil Hall, which was the favorite resort hitherto, would hold, probably, a thousand people, or more; but there was evidently a confidence that a

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* We have here been borrowing a passage of the summary compilation of Snow.

larger room must be had, even for an assemblage thus called; nor was there any longer a feeling of hesitation in regard to the new plan of appropriating the holy ground of the churches to the purposes of political discussion. This meeting extended in some degree, according to the official account of it, to the neighboring towns, now more actively engaged in the affairs of the crisis than ever before. Rotch was called in, and a committee chosen to attend him to the Collector, to demand a clearance. The Collector wanted to see the Comptroller, and promised an answer the next day; and the meeting adjourned to Thursday, the 16th, which was considered the last opportunity of discussion.

That meeting was the greatest ever known in Boston—two thousand persons from the country being estimated to be present. Samuel Phillips Savage, of Weston, (as on Tuesday,) was Chairman—there being reasons, doubtless, for *his* appointment, in regard to which every reader of these days will be at no loss to speculate for himself. Mr. Rotch

reported that the Collector would not give him a clearance. He was then ordered upon his peril to get his ship ready for sea *this day*, enter a protest *immediately* against the Custom-House, and proceed *directly* to the Governor, (then at Milton, seven miles distant,) and demand a pass for his ship to go by the Castle. An adjournment to 3, P. M., then took place. At three, having met, they waited very patiently till five o'clock, when, finding that Mr. Rotch did not return, they began to be very uneasy, called for a dissolution of the meeting, and finally obtained a vote for it. But the more judicious, fearing what would be the consequences, begged for a reconsideration of that vote, "for this reason, that they ought to do every thing in their power to send the tea back, according to their resolves." This touched the pride of the assembly, and they agreed to remain together one hour.

This interval was improved by Josiah Quincy, Jr., to apprize his fellow-citizens of the importance of the crisis, and direct their

attention to the probable results of this controversy. He succeeded in holding them in attentive silence till Mr. Rotch's return, at three quarters past five o'clock. The answer which he brought from the Governor, was, "that for the honor of the laws, and from duty towards the King, he could not grant the permit, until the vessel was regularly cleared."*

Rotch was now asked whether he would land the tea under these circumstances. He replied that, if applied to by the proper persons, he should do so for his own security. This settled the whole matter, once for all. So the people understood it; and so, says the official account in the papers, which deserves a special attention,—"The Body, having manifested an exemplary patience and caution in the methods it had pursued to preserve the tea, the property of the E. I. C., without its being made saleable to us, *which would have been fatal to the Commonwealth*, and to return it safe and untouched to its

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* Snow, compiled from the newspapers.

proprietors—and perceiving that in every step they have taken towards this just and salutary purpose, they have been counterworked by the consignees of the tea, and their coadjutors, who have plainly manifested their intention of throwing the community into the most violent commotions, rather than relinquish and give up the profits of a commission or contract, and the advantages they have imagined from the establishment of an American revenue—and *no one being able to point out any thing further that it was in the power of this Body to do, for the salutary purpose aforesaid*———it was moved, and voted, that this meeting be immediately dissolved——and it was accordingly."

To this significant sketch, we append a cotemporaneous account from the Massachusetts Gazette :—

"*Just before* the dissolution of the meeting, a number of brave and resolute men, dressed in the Indian manner, approached near the door of the assembly, and gave the war-

whoop, which rang through the house, and was answered by some in the galleries, but silence was commanded, and a peaceable deportment again *enjoined* till the dissolution. The Indians, as they were then called, repaired to the wharf where the ships lay that had the tea on board, and were followed by hundreds of people, *to see the event of the transactions of those who made so grotesque an appearance.* They, the Indians, immediately repaired on board Captain Hall's ship, where they hoisted out the chests of tea, and when on deck, stove the chests and hove the tea overboard. Having cleared this ship, they proceeded to Captain Bruce's, and then to Captain Coffin's brig. They applied themselves so dexterously to the destruction of this commodity, that in the space of three hours they broke up 342 chests, which was the whole number in those vessels, and discharged their contents into the dock. When the tide rose, it floated the broken chests and the tea, insomuch that the surface of the water was filled therewith a con-

siderable way from the south part of the town to Dorchester Neck, and lodged on the shores. *There was the greatest care taken to prevent the tea from being purloined by the populace.* One or two being detected in endeavoring to pocket a small quantity, were stripped of their acquisitions and very roughly handled. * * * The town was very quiet during the whole evening and the night following. *Those who were from the country went home, and the next day joy appeared in almost every countenance*—some on occasion of the destruction of the tea, others on account of the quietness with which it was effected.—One of the Monday's papers says, *that the masters and owners are well pleased that the ships are thus cleared.*"

Mr. Hewes had been actively interested in the progress of this affair, and is able, for the most part, to certify to the correctness of the popular account of it, which we have now given, while his own experience necessarily adds some interesting details. It will be easily understood that the papers of that

day, though in some respects the best authority, are not to be relied on for all the circumstances which would interest succeeding generations. In the confusion of general excitement, and the bustle of great events in the *act*, some things must be unknown to them, and many other things it was, for obvious reasons, rather desirable to pass over lightly, if they were mentioned at all.

The closing scene of the meeting that afternoon, if it could be brought up to *life* again, we apprehend, would especially confirm these suggestions of the deficiency of our records. Many things were said there, and some things done, which were not intended to be reported, and of which posterity must remain as ignorant as they were *meant* to be kept so. Mr. Hewes remembers, —or thinks he does,—that among the speakers was John Hancock; and that he advanced the opinion, pretty significantly, not only that the Governor had absolutely made up his mind to land the tea, but that, as things now were, "*the matter must be settled before*

twelve o'clock that night;"—and he adds, that one of the last things he heard said, in the final excitement, was Hancock's cry, "*let every man do what is right in his own eyes!*" Some person or persons, in the galleries, (Mr. Pierce* thinks Adam Colson,) at this time cried out, with a loud voice, "Boston Harbor a tea-pot this night!"—"Hurra for Griffin's Wharf!"—and so on. This was probably the disorder which was checked by the chairman, (as stated officially above) and the tumult which doubtless followed indicated the force of the word "enjoined," (which by no means implies *preserved* or *restored*,) in regard to the order of the meeting. The outcry within was probably in response to the war-whoop without, but we suppose it by no means to be inferred from the newspaper statement, or any other we have seen or heard, that the party outside was an essentially distinct one. All who composed it *had* probably been present

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* Mr. Pierce was frequently employed as one of the small nightly watch, mentioned above.

at the meeting, and issued from it just before the outcry. The disguise, so far as they had yet assumed it, in advance of those who joined them, was hastily prepared, and was, after all, but the work of a few moments. Many of them, Mr. Pierce says, arrayed themselves in a store on Fort Hill. He remarks that three cheers were given by the mass of the meeting, just as they broke up.

We find no reason to believe that the number of persons who assumed the Indian disguise, on this occasion, was very considerable, probably not more than fifteen or twenty. A good many joined in the act of breaking up the boxes, however, who disguised themselves in the best manner they could—as well as some who were not disguised at all; chiefly extempore volunteers, who could not resist the temptation of the moment, though unprepared to act to the best advantage. Hewes, directly on leaving the Old South,—and while a crowd were rushing down Milk Street, after the Indians, shouting

"Hurrah for Griffin's Wharf!" and "*Boston Harbor a tea-pot this night!*" &c.—not meaning to be disappointed of his share, made his way, with all possible despatch, to a blacksmith's shop on Boylston's Wharf, where he hastily begrimed his face with a preparation suitable for the purpose; thence to the house of an acquaintance near Griffin's, where he got a blanket which he wrapped round his person; and such, probably, was about the amount of the *Indian dress* assumed by others on this occasion, with the exception, perhaps, of the few individuals referred to above, who, from peculiar circumstances, thought it necessary to take more extraordinary means of disguise.

There was not a *crowd*, Mr. Hewes says, on the wharf when he reached there, and that was just in season; there were "*considerable many*." The moon shone bright, and they saw their position clearly, and went to work, from 100 to 150, he thinks, being more or less actively engaged. Instead of finishing the ship first, he states that the whole

company was divided into three divisions, intended to be about equal. A commander and a boatswain were chosen for each. Pierce was in the party which boarded the ship. Hewes went on board one of the brigs, with a company as fantastically arrayed in old frocks, red woollen caps, gowns, and all manner of like devices, as need be seen. Lendall Pitts,* a well-known Whig, led this party; and Hewes, whose whistling talent was a matter of public notoriety, acted as a boatswain.

One of Pitts's first movements in office, was to send a man to the mate, who was on board, in his cabin, with a message, politely requesting the use of a few lights, and the brig's *keys*—so that as little damage as possible might be done to the vessel;—and such was the case. The mate acted the part of a gentleman altogether. He handed over the keys without hesitation, and without

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* Who died just before the peace of '83, and was buried with military honors, being in command of one of the Boston volunteer companies, if we mistake not.

saying a single word, and sent his cabin-boy for a bunch of candles, to be immediately put in use; all which agrees with the newspaper statement respecting the "masters." The three parties finished their respective tasks pretty nearly at the same time, and that without unnecessary delay, as may be inferred from the amount of labor accomplished in three hours. A considerable number of sailors, and some others, joined them from time to time, and aided in hoisting the chests from the hold.

One of the persons alluded to by the papers as having been roughly handled, was a man named Charles O'Conner—probably a foreigner—well known to Hewes. He pretended at one period to be particularly zealous in the good work. Hewes, however, rather suspected him, and watching him slily, noticed a gratuitous manœuvre of his hands, now and then, up and down his pantaloons, and along the lining of his coat. He informed Pitts. O'Conner took the hint, and moved off. They raised the cry of an

"*East Indian!*" and Hewes pursued him, caught him (a great, lusty, long-legged fellow) by the skirts of his frock, and pulled him back from the wharf's edge, aboard the brig, where he floundered about till a few of them had pretty essentially relieved him of his cargo, as well as of the obnoxious apparel which contained it; and then, with an application or two in the rear, to hasten his flight, they discharged him from farther discussion. He turned out to be an old fellow-apprentice of Hewes—having once lived with him at Downing's. They recognized each other in the course of the scuffle, and O'Connor, calling him by name, threatened to "complain to the Governor." "You had better make your *will* first!" quoth Hewes, doubling his fist expressively—but he fled, without awaiting the result of the argument.

When all was done, the whole company rallied together on the wharf, which was now covered with people.* Here an old gentleman was detected with a quantity of

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* Appendix, No. II.

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tea in his coat pocket, which was stripped off with little ceremony, without doing him much other harm. A fresh inspection was then instituted, and all the tea-men were ordered to take their shoes off and empty them, which was supposed to be done. Pitts, who was quite a military man, as well as a mighty Son of Liberty, was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces then and there assembled; they were formed in rank and file by his direction, with the aid of Barber, Proctor, and some others; and "shouldering" their arms, such as they had—tomahawks included—they marched up the wharf to the music of a fife, to what is now the termination of Pearl Street, back into town, and there separated in a short time, and went quietly home.

It is remarkable, that all this transaction was carried through in plain sight (and by a fine moonlight too) of the British squadron, which partly lay perhaps less than a quarter of a mile distant from the scene, and at hours when those who belonged to it must

have been generally both aboard and awake. The Admiral, indeed, is believed to have witnessed most of the affair at a much more convenient point, and even to have come ashore for the purpose. When the people marched off, according to Hewes, he shewed himself at the house of a Tory, named Coffin, who lived at the head of the wharf, running up the window, where he sat as they came along, and crying out, "Well, boys, you have had a fine pleasant evening for your Indian caper—havn't you? But mind, you have got to pay the fiddler yet!"

"Oh, never mind!" shouted Pitts, "never mind, 'Squire! Just come out here, if you please, and we'll settle the bill in two minutes!"

This raised a shout—the fifer struck up a lively air—the Admiral put the window down in a hurry—and the company marched on.

Hewes went home by way of his brother's, in Oliver Street, entered the room where the women were, gravely enquired if Solo-

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mon Hewes was about, and getting no satisfaction, walked off again, with his blanket and dirty face, leaving them to this day, we suppose,—if any of them still remain,—not a whit wiser than they were before; from which we infer that the *disguise* answered its purpose pretty well.

When he got home, he told his wife the story. "Well, George," said she, at the end of it, "*did you bring me home a lot of it?*" We shouldn't wonder if Mrs. Hewes was more of a tea-drinker than a Whig; but as to that, our deponent saith not. The only tea we ever heard of, as brought up into town that night from the wharf, was a small specimen which by some accident escaped the general surveillance, and perhaps the suspicion even of its *holder*, in the shoes of a young Bostonian,—present, it is said, and active on that occasion,—who was better known afterwards as the venerable Major Melville. This curiosity is understood to be still visible in the cabinet of Harvard University. Early on the morning of the 17th,

a long *winrow* of tea, as Mr. Hewes calls it, —"about as big as you ever saw of *hay*,"— was seen extending from the wharves down towards the Castle. A party of volunteers was stirred up in a few minutes, who turned out in boats, and stirred it up in the "pot" pretty effectually. This manœuvre was witnessed, too, from the British fleet, but not at all interfered with.

It was rumored, a day or two after, that part of a chest had gone ashore at South Boston. A detachment of Whigs went over there, and looked up the fellow who had taken it in charge. Finding he had sold some of the tea, they made him give up the money, took possession of the residue of the chest, marched in triumphal procession back to the Common, and there set it off to the best advantage in a bonfire, just in front of Mr. Hancock's house, who (as Hewes says,) came to his front door to see it. The money went for what was popularly called "*okkuppee*," just then the Indian translation of *grog*.

The inspection was rather close, indeed, for a long time. A January paper says—"Thursday last, several casks of tea, supposed to be *damaged*, were taken from Tileston's wharf, South End, and carried on a sled into King Street, where it was committed to the flames. We do not hear who the tea belonged to. It was thought [by some, perhaps,] it was not dutied tea."

One of the tea-vessels intended for Boston had been wrecked on Cape Cod,—as the papers say, by the act of God. Some of the cargo was saved, and this made more difficulty here and there. Perhaps this "damaged tea," above-named, was part of it; for we learn from the papers that it was brought to Boston, as far as the Castle at least. A skipper, at Salem, named Cook, was published as having transported it in a schooner belonging to Mr. Beckford of that place; and Beckford himself, who was called upon by an *Indian* party when he got home, only escaped a severe visitation by being fortunate-

ly a patient at the hospital, inoculated for the small-pox.

The Charlestown people publicly burned a barrel of tea, which was found passing through the village to a country trader. It was undutied, but they would not submit to the suspicion of tolerating even the transportation of *that* through their borders. They destroyed in the market-place, also, all the tea they could find in town, paying the owners for the same. This was in pursuance of a town-meeting, and shows pretty clearly the spirit of the times. Similar proceedings, in other directions, were by no means rare. The Philadelphians, at a great meeting, approved the conduct of the people of Boston, "*for their resolution in destroying the tea.*" The resolutions from many of the towns in this province were of like tenor, and couched in the most spirited terms.

" We hear from Shrewsbury," says a paper of February 17th, " that one day last week a pedler was observed to go into a tavern there, with a bag containing about 30

lbs. of tea—information of which being had at Northborough, about five miles distance, a number of Indians went from the great swamp, or thereabouts, seized on it, and committed it to the flames in the road facing said tavern, where it was entirely consumed."

Again—"We hear from Montague, that one of the inhabitants having inadvertently purchased a small quantity of tea from a pedlar, several of the neighbors being made acquainted therewith, went to his house and endeavored to convince him of the impropriety of making any use of that article for the present, while it continues to be the badge of slavery, [this was the stirring notion of the times,] and while there are so many laudable efforts making in the metropolis, and other principal towns, and in the country in general, to throw it off. He was easily induced to commit it to the flames."

Nothing can better illustrate the excitement of the day, than incidents and paragraphs like these.

It will be noticed that the Boston movements are here generally described as *laudable*, and no exception is made even to the riotous character of the party of the 16th, such was its popularity. Every thing, indeed, which led to it, and the whole style of its management in the act, indicated the co-operation of intelligent and considerate, as well as determined men. Every thing was tried which could be,—as was plainly suggested at the afternoon meeting,—to prevent the necessity of resorting to it; though it is equally evident that the necessity was at last unanimously acquiesced in by the American Party, whose chief care it then became to provide that all things should be done decently and in order. How much they were so, has been already noticed. It is farther, in this connection,—to use the words of one of the papers,—"worthy of remark, that although a considerable quantity of *goods* were still remaining aboard the vessels, no injury was sustained; such attention to private property was observed, that *a small*

padlock belonging to the captain of one of the ships, being broken, another was provided and sent to him."

It will be inferred from certain proceedings of the afternoon meeting, already referred to, that the issue was anticipated, and under the circumstances connived at, by some of the leaders of the popular cause, not to say by them all. The probability is, we conclude, that it was formally agreed on among those who had the best right to decide upon matters of such interest; reserving, of course, the publicity of the affair, as far as it was deemed indispensable both to its speedy execution, and its decorous management throughout. We have never understood, to be sure, till now, that these persons were known to be at the wharf—or ever suspected to be. There were obvious reasons for the general delicacy of their conduct at this crisis. Mr. Hewes, however, positively affirms, as of his own observation, that *Samuel Adams and John Hancock were both actively engaged in the process of destruction.*

Of the latter he speaks most particularly, being entirely confident that he was himself at one time engaged with him in the demolition of the same chest of tea. He recognized him not only by his *ruffles* making their appearance in the heat of the work, from under the disguise which pretty thoroughly covered him,—and by his figure, and gait;—but by his features, which neither his paint nor his loosened club of hair behind wholly concealed from a close view;—and by his voice also, for he exchanged with him an Indian *grunt*, and the expression "*me know you*," which was a good deal used on that occasion for a countersign. This is a curious reminiscence, but we believe it a mistake.

The fact that this memorable measure was apparently the only course for preventing immediate more revolutionary and bloody results, as well as the more obnoxious act of the landing of the tea,—this fact, while it furnishes the justification which at least the actors in any *lawless* enterprise must require, perhaps sufficiently explains, also, the oth-

erwise unaccountable conduct of the British troops on the same occasion. We have seen it stated in the papers of the day, that the commanders of the tea-vessels were glad to be relieved of their cargoes. This is reasonable to believe; and it is as probable that the soldiery, and more especially their principal officers, were by no means grieved at the issue. They were not now prepared for a regular set-to with the American people, or even with the populace of Boston; and that they saw—as clearly as Hancock or Adams—to be almost the inevitable consequence of the landing of the tea. The Party relieved them of that apprehension, without involving them in any part of the responsibility of their own remedial scheme.

It is curious to notice, in this connection, the official recognition of the act as a riot—the only one we have seen. The Governor, as in duty bound, submitted its consideration to the Council; and the Council, as in duty bound, promised to consider the subject. So much appears—and no more—in the pub-

lic report of the proceedings; and that is the last we hear of it, till it revived in the bloody struggles of the War.

It was, therefore, on the whole, and on all sides, a remarkably popular movement; as much so as one can be easily imagined to be, which nevertheless nobody thought of openly proposing. It was one of those rare crises which demand action without argument. Luckily, the Sons of Liberty were prepared for it. The thing was not only accomplished, but at the right moment—to wit, at the *last*—in the right manner and spirit; well accomplished; so that it leaves, instead of a blot on the names of those who joined in it, as proceedings of this description are wont to do, the imperishable glory which is due to the intelligent energy, fearless courage, and manly dignity, of a band of brave patriots, no more ambitious of their country's freedom, than they were worthy of their own.

That the people of this period were under high excitement, and apparently on the brink

of much more deplorable *disorders* than this, appears plainly from many facts. Witness the following paragraphs, which were issued about town in the shape of a handbill, even after the destruction of the tea:

"Brethren and Fellow Citizens!

You may depend that those odious miscreants and detestable tools to Ministry and Government, the TEA CONSIGNEES (those traitors to their country,—butchers,—who have done, and are doing, every thing to murder and destroy all that shall stand in the way of their private interest) *are determined to come* [from the Castle] *and reside again in the town of Boston!*

I therefore give you this early notice, that you may hold yourselves in readiness, on the shortest warning, to give them such a reception as such vile ingrates deserve.

[Signed] JOYCE, *Jun.*

Chairman of the Committee for tarring and feathering.

☞If any person should be so hardy as to

tear this down, they may expect my severest resentment. J. jun."

This was explicit and significant enough. Joyce, however, though he figured a good deal about this time, fortunately had but little occasion to exercise his assumed functions. For the most part, he was an abstract character, and by no means ought to be designated as the kindred of the *Lynches* of later days.

Such is the history of an act which brought the King and Parliament to a decision that America must be subdued by force of arms; for it is doubtless true that the Revolution which it effectually prevented for the present, it completely secured for the future. For that contest, it at once roused and prepared the people. It was in fact the commencement of the Revolution, in one sense; at all events, a proceeding upon revolutionary principles; an expression of the principles of a whole people;—facts alone sufficient to distinguish it from all *mobs*.

CHAPTER XI.

Effects of the acts of the Tea-Party.—The Crisis rapidly brought on.—Troops collected in Boston from all quarters.—Signs of War.—The Port-Bill.—Distress.—Succor.—Anecdotes.—Value of a bullock's liver.—Shubael Hewes.—Outrage of the Soldiery.—Hewes roughly treated.—A Billerica man, the same.—Theatrical amusements.—Details of the escape of Hewes.—Interview with Washington, and his Lady.

The importance we have given to the Tea-Party, as a political movement, will hardly be deemed exaggerated, by those who notice the rapidly accumulating series of significant events which closely succeeded it.

"Few," says a London letter-writer for the Gazette of April, 1774, "seem to condemn the *returning* of the tea, but many think the destroying of it at Boston an *atrocious act*, taking it in the light of an avowed insult. Frequent councils are held, but little transpires. Puffing politicians talk of violent measures,—forcing tea upon the Americans with a fleet, and troops to guard it."

But to what purpose all this, it is rightly added, "unless determined to knock out the brains of those who refuse to buy and drink it!" Such, doubtless, was the sensible reasoning of the Government, also. Other advices in the same paper state that six ships of war and seven regiments of troops are ordered for America with all expedition;—"*for what purpose*," they subjoin, "*time must discover*. The Premier is much perplexed on account of the behavior of the Bostonians; and *Great Britain is determined to enforce due obedience to her laws as the Mother-Country*,"—a key quite sufficient for unlocking the secret of these portentous preparations.

It is curious to trace the progress of things at this period. A June paper announces that "On Thursday arrived in King's Road, and on Saturday came up into this harbor three transports from Portsmouth, having on board his Majesty's 4th Regiment. Monday, the vessels hauled to Long Wharf, and Tuesday morning the troops landed, and marched in

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to the Common. Saturday, the other transports, which arrived some time since, with the 42d, hauled to the Long Wharf also," &c. &c. This regiment encamped, too, on the Common, where two more from Ireland were daily expected to join them. The next week's publications announce part of them; the next to that, not only the residue of the two, but some other forces; adding, moreover, the expectation hourly of a regiment from Halifax, and another of Welsh Fusiliers from New York; all within about six months from the date of the Tea-Party.

In August, the Fusiliers arrived, and encamped on Fort Hill. This corps was in high repute, as one of the six to whose valor the victory over the French at Minden was justly ascribed. The Halifax force is announced under the same date. They tarried at Salem a few days, but were soon established with their comrades in town. Early in the fall, transports were sent off to Philadelphia and Quebec for more troops. Regular barracks were built, for the first time,

on the Common. Orders were issued (which produced a good deal of excitement) for breaking ground near the fortification on the Neck. Large numbers of artificers were brought in from the south, for various military operations. And so matters went on, till at the close of the year Governor Gage had under his command in Boston no less than eleven entire regiments, besides several companies of artillery—to say nothing of the naval force. Five hundred men were now on daily duty.

Meanwhile, the memorable Port-Bill, having become a law by the King's consent, on the 31st of March—providing for the discontinuance of the landing and discharging, lading or shipping of goods at the town and within the harbor of Boston—had gone into operation on the 18th of June, upon which day, at noon, all business ceased at the Custom House, and the port was shut against every vessel that offered to enter.

These proceedings—not to speak of the acts which subverted the administration of

justice in the province—bore most heavily upon its inhabitants, and particularly upon those in town. Business ceased. The poor were thrown out of employment. The means of subsistence and comfort were enhanced rapidly in price. Great suffering, in a word, ensued, though vastly greater it must have been but for the generous succor which speedily poured in from every section of the country. Boston was regarded as a martyr, struggling nobly in the common cause, and the Colonies were roused far and wide to a lively sense of what they owed her in this extremity. The notices of these contributions, which appear in the prints of that season, are among the remarkable traits of the times.

In June, they hear, that "the General Assembly at Newport are about granting a sum of money for the support of the poor in this town." The idea, once suggested, was not likely to circulate slowly. "Last week," says the next paper, "were driven to the neighboring town of Roxbury 258 sheep, as a generous donation from our sympathizing

brethren of the town of Windham, in Connecticut." The newspapers were now filled with discussions of the situation of Boston.

In July, we notice the arrival of a large quantity of *rice* from Charleston, S. C. at the same time with three wagon-loads of grain from Groton, Pepperell and Wrentham, "for the relief of the industrious poor." For the same purpose, they raised at Marblehead a subscription of 207 quintals of cod-fish, 50 jars of oil, and 40 pounds lawful money in specie. A quantity of flour, wheat and money was forwarded from Alexandria; grain from North Carolina; "eight cart-loads of salt-fish" from a neighboring town on the coast; money from Newburyport; sheep from Lebanon; meal and bread from Maryland; grain from New Jersey; money from Philadelphia, and even, it would seem, from *London;* and so on, to an incredible extent.

Trifling incidents illustrate the state of the case in town. Mr. Hewes's elder brother, Shubael, who was a butcher by trade, still kept his shop, as we have mentioned, in the

Main Street, not far from the Old South,—connected with a slaughter-house. Hewes, who now lived with his uncle Robert, near Liberty-Tree, used occasionally to succeed in getting a *liver* or so, as a special favor, and at a sufficiently high price.* One day, as he was carrying such an article home in his hand—not having gone many steps—he noticed a good-looking woman gazing most wistfully at him from a window in the second story of a house. She presently accosted him—a stranger—and begged to be allowed to take part of his good fortune off his hands. He had no heart to resist such an appeal, and divided the liver with her at once, refusing to accept any pay for it.

But the principles of Hewes subjected him to greater inconveniences than a straightened fare. The soldiery, who filled the town, became, as was to be expected, more of a nuisance than ever, and especially to the Whigs compelled for various reasons to re-

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* "Half a pistareen a pound," and more. Even horse-flesh was in demand.

main in Boston after the commencement of hostilities, and through the progress of the siege which ensued. Till then, indeed, the usual propensities of quartered regulars had been comparatively restrained. At a large fire which occurred in August, Earl Percy politely tendered the aid of some of his troops who were to be depended on, to arrest the flames,—which, though not accepted, was acknowledged in terms of corresponding civility. The officers generally, we are inclined to believe, undertook to behave as gentlemen should. Pleasant reminiscences and anecdotes to that effect, are still fresh in the memory of a few among us. Even the fiery and profane Pitcairn* is so spoken of by our old friend James.

But the excitement and license of war soon closed the era of good manners. A glaring outrage was committed by some of the soldiers, months before the battle of Lex-

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* Killed, it will be remembered, at Bunker-Hill. The man who shot him is still living, or was a few months since, in this State.

ington, on the person of a countryman belonging to Billerica, who came into town to purchase a musket. Happening to enquire of a soldier where he could get one—and the suspicion being started that he wanted to buy for the town's people—he was first beguiled out of a sum of money, and then a hue and cry raised against him, which ended with his being barbarously tarred and feathered. The Selectmen of Billerica demanded satisfaction of Gage, in most spirited terms, but got none.

How the residents—even ladies—in their own houses, were subject to be treated, is pretty easily to be inferred from a story in the paper at Watertown, which says—"A few weeks past, as some of the light-horse who are now in Boston, were passing towards their stables at Mr. Inches' *rope-walk*, in New (West) Boston, when they were opposite Mr. Lewis Gray's house, (son of a distinguished Loyalist, late Treasurer of the Province,) a shower of rain falling, one of them dismounted and led his horse *into the kitch-*

en, but not liking that very well, he led him into the sitting-room," &c.;—the statement, except as an illustration, is not worth pursuing. These were suitable preliminaries to the period, which soon followed, when one of the Churches (the Old North) with about one hundred other large wooden edifices, were destined, as were some of the wharves, to be broken up for fire-wood—the Liberty-Tree to be demolished by profane hands, with the same view*—the Hollis Street, Brattle Street,† West, and First Baptist meeting-houses to be transferred into hospitals or barracks—and the venerable Old South itself into a riding-school. Dr. Thatcher, who went to see this building when the Americans entered the town, after the siege, says that he found the inside of it to have been entirely destroyed. The pulpit and pews were removed, and the floor covered

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*A soldier who was most obstreperous in the operation, was killed by the fall of the tree.

† In the walls of which, one of the cannon-balls from the American lines is still to be seen

with earth. The splendid carved work of one pew was saved only, it is said, to be used as a fence for a hog-sty!

The rough handling of the Billerica man was immediately occasioned, probably, by the failure of a somewhat ridiculous movement made by a party of troops for the protection of the Tories in the town of Mansfield—which was the subject of provoking remarks from the Whigs. The troops in the town were getting more and more daily into galling positions. The works on Dorchester Heights, which finally drove them out of Boston, annoyed them to an intolerable degree.

Hewes was walking in the vicinity of Fort Hill, not far from the barracks, one Sunday evening, when a soldier undertook to examine him as to the designs of the Americans. He gave them so little satisfaction, that a party soon gathered about him, and presently set up a hue and cry, and chased and stoned him. Still he would neither run nor hide. He walked doggedly on

his way, and would have been beaten to death before hastening his pace, when fortunately his friend Printer Fleet came up, whose advice to that effect he thought it no meanness to adopt, and so escaped with his limbs whole, and his whigism undisputed. Curious scenes, these, again, for the streets of Boston.

But still more strange the spectacle of the 17th of June— of all the proceedings of which memorable day Mr. Hewes was a witness. He saw, in the morning, the muster of the flower of the British troops on the Common, and watched their progress to Long Wharf, from which the embarkation was made. The battle commenced early in the afternoon. Warren was shot towards the close of it; and Hewes, (who, while the inhabitants generally were thronging the hills, steeples and roofs, had stationed himself far out upon a narrow neck of land, extending pretty well over to Charlestown, and only visible at low water,) believes that he was killed by a shot from a nine pounder, and that he

saw him fall. The gloomiest part of the whole horrible scene, was, perhaps, to those in town, the bringing in of the dead and wounded, that evening and the next day. Not only all the old hospitals were occupied, the Poor-House in Park Street, Hancock's house, and even his stable, included—but the whole town seemed to be converted into one reservoir of blood.* An immense multitude were buried at the bottom of the Common (from which they had marched so proudly the day before!) in one vast excavation, made for the purpose, into which Hewes saw the poor fellows "chucked," (as he expresses it,) with a swing, "heads and points," till he turned away, as well he might, sick of the glories of war!

The Americans, soon after, completely beleaguered the town, and the British troops were growing proportionally restless; a fact,

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* Particularly at the North-End. Several houses are standing which were used for the wounded. The old one, in Hanover Street, near Mr. Robbins' Church, where the inhabitants now live who lived there then, was one.

by the way, not badly illustrated by the anecdote recorded in Dr. Thatcher's Military Journal, of the officers who, walking on Beacon Hill in the evening, were frightened by noises in the air, which they took to be the whizzing of bullets. They left the hill (he says) with great precipitation, and reported that they were shot at with air-guns, and wrote frightful accounts accordingly to their friends in England,—not being much accustomed, probably, to the buzzing of beetles, which are better known in our climate than theirs. It was about the same time that a large assembly,—determined to keep their spirits up,—were collected to enjoy the sport of a farce, said to be written by General Burgoyne, (previous to his Saratoga experience, of course,) in which General Washington, now commanding at Cambridge, as the hero, was dressed in an uncouth style, with a large wig and long rusty sword, attended by his orderly sergeant, in his country dress, having on his shoulder a rusty firelock, seven or eight feet long. At the

moment this figure appeared on the stage, one of the regular sergeants came running on behind him, who threw down his bayonet, and shouted, "*The Yankees are attacking our works on Bunker-Hill!*" (This was after the battle.) Some of the audience considered it a part of the play, but were undeceived by hearing General Howe cry out—"Officers! *to your alarm posts!*"—when all was confusion and dismay, and the gay congregation dispersed in the twinkling of an eye!

Under such circumstances as these, it may be imagined that it was neither an agreeable matter for the Whigs to remain in town, nor an easy one for them to escape.* The regulations of the enemy, indeed, were becoming as strict as they could well be made, and it was at the imminent hazard, first, of being shot in the act, and then of being shot in the failure, that any attempt could be made to elude them. Still, Hewes, who was weary of it, resolved to try, and some things

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* Appendix, No. III.

occurred which rather favored the enterprise.

He succeeded in getting his family, who demanded his anxious attention, first of all, out to Wrentham. About this time, Governor Gage, seeing the severe distress of the *inhabitants*—and being more especially touched, we presume, with the necessity of having the stores of the *soldiery* reinforced—issued a proclamation, by which he graciously gave to the former permission to go a-fishing, under certain restrictions, down the harbor, on especial condition of subjecting their returns to the satisfaction of the demands of the troops in the first instance.

It is another indication of the suffering of the poor people, that many of them were glad to avail themselves of this proposal, as humiliating as it was. Hewes had an especial reason for adopting it, which he did accordingly; going down frequently in a hired boat, or with some party, and—experienced as he had been in the business, of old—exerting himself with a success which

speedily secured him quite a reputation as a fisherman.

Thus he had worked on for nine weeks, when the time for his plan arrived, and he went to the Admiral's quarters, as usual, on Fort Hill, to get a pass,—having already hired a boat of a Tory by the name of Gould, in Back Street, (not far from Mr. Stone's meeting-house.)

Hewes was a civil man, and he made his bow to the Admiral, and asked for his pass. The old gentleman, for some reason or other, looked more inquisitive than his wont.

"How many are going, Hewes?" he enquired, looking him sharp in the eye.

"Three, your honor," said Hewes.

"And who will be skipper?"

"Your humble servant, Sir—for want of a better."

"Very well, Mr. Skipper Hewes!"—and here he went on to remind him of the rules, and closed his discourse with warning him of the fate of all deserters, which, to be sure, had in several cases proved to be no joke, as

Hewes well knew; "and now," he added, with a profound emphasis, "I know what you want—I see it in the twinkling of your eye, Skipper; but mark what I tell you—if we catch you running off—look out! Skipper—that's all—look out!"

Hewes took his pass, and went to call on Shubael, to bid him good-bye. His boat was examined on the wharf by a soldier, who took it into his head to reconnoitre rather narrowly. It so happened that Hewes had concealed his whole bench of tools, in the course of the night, under a part of his deck. The soldier stamped upon it, but concluded to let it pass. A little way down he saw Hartley, an acquaintance of his, who kept the hospital below, and learned from him that the violent north-east gale, which had blown all night, had driven the British fleet mostly into Nantasket. This favored him, and so did the wind's chopping round suddenly to the north-west. He had now only a single guard-ship to pass. He ordered his two comrades below deck, and push-

ed boldly by. The captain ordered him alongside. He obeyed promptly. They directed him to call with his fish "when he came back," and he promised to do so, and pushed on again, with a fine breeze in his sails, started his men out at a little distance, and gave three lusty cheers.

No pursuit was made. He landed safely at Lynn, fastened his boat, started for Newhall's tavern, met a sergeant and guard, who took them into custody over night, and then carried them before "the Committee," (of Safety.) This Committee sent them to Washington, who at this time made his personal quarters at a house well known to some of our elder citizens by the denomination of "Cragie's,"* and which, by the way, is still standing—on the Watertown road—and was pointed out by Mr. Hewes on his last visit to the city of his birth. Here they were paraded in a yard, and the General was called out to see them. He accosted

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* Having reference to the same person (the owner of it) for whom the *Bridge* also was named.

them politely, and they pulled their hats off, which he immediately requested them to replace, remarking with a sort of quiet smile of his own—as he probably noticed something peculiar in their expression—that "*he was only a man.*" "Parson Thatcher," who was much with Washington at this period, came up a moment after him, and Hewes had barely time to give a brief description of himself, when the good man, who knew the family, greatly relieved him by breaking out into a warm eulogy upon his uncle Robert. "*A great Liberty-man,*" he called him.

Washington, upon this, invited Hewes into his parlor with him, alone. There he told him his story, every word of it, from beginning to end, and answered all his questions besides. In Hewes's language, "he didn't *laugh*, to be sure, but *looked amazing good-natured, you may depend.*" When the examination was over, it being now about noon, Washington called in the other men—of whom Hewes gave him some account—

treated them all to a hearty mug of punch, and insisted on their remaining also to dine, which they did. They sat at his own table, with Parson Thatcher, and perhaps a few more not recollected.

Hewes says that Madam Washington waited upon them at table all dinner-time, and was remarkably social;—which accords with what is known of that admirable woman; and we embrace the opportunity with pleasure, to repeat the just compliment paid her (by her grandson, Mr. Custis, we conclude,) in a recent memoir. "The arrival of Lady Washington at camp," he says, "was an *event*, much anticipated. * * The appearance of the Aid-de-camp, escorting the plain chariot, with the neat postillions, in their scarlet and white liveries, was deemed an epoch in the army, and served to diffuse a cheering influence amid the storm which hung over our destinies at Valley-Forge, Morristown, and West-Point. Lady Washington always remained at the head-quarters till the opening of the campaign,

and often remarked, in after life, that it had been her fortune to hear the first cannon at the opening and the last at the close of the war." She is known to have been with her husband at the date of the adventure of Hewes, now under discussion.

Washington's manner was equally gratifying. He enquired concerning the condition of the several families of the little party, evidently with a view of doing whatever was necessary for their security. As they rose to go, he offered them money "to carry them *home*," but they declined it. One of them had very poor shoes on, and he induced him, in a pleasant way, to take an order from *him* to a neighboring store, (where a new pair was furnished him,) upon which they took leave of their illustrious host, provided with passports through the lines, and greatly delighted with the visit.

Poor Mr. Gould's boat, it seems, was beat to pieces against the wharf at Lynn, while in the Committee's custody.

Hewes heard also of the worthy Admiral,

who had examined him so closely, having the curiosity to go and enquire about him at Shubael's, the day after his departure, where probably he got but little satisfaction.

CHAPTER XII.

Hewes enters the naval service.—His adventures on board the Diamond.—Another narrow escape.—Sundry skirmishes at sea.—Career on board the Defence.—Hard service on shore.—James Otis.—The Cowboys and Skinners.—Trials of those days.—Subsequent history of Hewes.—Personal traits.—Concluding suggestions.

From Cambridge, Mr. Hewes directly made the best of his way to Wrentham, where he joined his family, and for a little time enjoyed the satisfaction of providing for their comfort in person. His heart, however, was still—and more than ever, indeed, since his visit to head-quarters—with his compatriots in arms; and he resolved that no circumstances should longer detain him from his country's service. By extraordinary application in the use of his "kit" of tools,

which, it will be remembered, he brought with him out of town, and had succeeded in reaching home with, he soon made provision of some months in advance for his household. He watched the signs of the times, meanwhile, narrowly, and especially the newspapers. The advertisement of a sloop, —the "Diamond"—belonging to Mr. Brown of Providence, and about to sail on a privateering cruise from that port,—struck his eye; his old marine propensities came to the reinforcement of his patriotism; and he resolved at once on his course. The matter was communicated to his wife, and she made his preparations with the uncomplaining promptness which characterized the Whig women of that day. The appointed hour arrived. "Is all ready?" he enquired. She pointed in silence to his knapsack, which was *all.* The children were present, and their looks and hers was a little more than he could stand. "Well!" he said, "I will just take the knapsack, Sally, and see how it *walks;* let me *try* it." He adjusted it on

his shoulders, and set off on his cruise, afoot and alone, stopping only at a solitary place in his way, as he now confesses, to allay by a brief indulgence the emotions which filled his breast. Unmanly they will be called by some, perhaps, though not, we trust, by those who believe with us, or with the poetess, that

> ——"The strength whereby
> The patriot girds himself to die,
> The unconquerable power that fills
> The freeman battling for his hills,
> Have but one fountain, deep and clear—
> The same whence gushed that childlike tear."

His first voyage was with Captain Thomas Stacy, for seven weeks, at the end of which time, not having been so fortunate as to fall in with the enemy, the crew were discouraged, and called upon the commander to return. He promised to do so, if they would remain one week more with him. They assented, and a few days after they espied a large ship, which they took for a British frigate. The captain ordered them to take in sail and go to *fishing*, which they

were prepared for, and did. The enemy came up, and proved of less force than was expected. They took the Diamond for a fishing-craft, and passed on. "Now, my lads," cried Stacy, overjoyed, "just stick by me, and we'll take that ship!" They gave chase, and overtook her about an hour after dark. It was a fine evening, the northern lights very bright. The Englishman hailed, and Stacy ascertained that he was from Quebec, and bound to London. Pretending to dispute this, however, he began to show his force, and called upon him, roughly, to come aboard and exhibit his papers; he had no notion of letting off a *Yankee* in disguise, and there had been such a lot of the plaguey fellows cruising about lately, that he meant to look after 'em right sharp; "so, come aboard, come aboard!" he concluded, "and show us the papers"—conveying the idea that he acted as *tender* to a certain British man-of-war. He obeyed, and Stacy took him by the hand us he stepped aboard. "I am happy to see you, Captain," said he,

"on the deck of the Diamond, belonging to the United States. You are my prisoner. Now, Sir, please to surrender your ship!" This was not ceremonious, though very civil, and the Captain, after vainly endeavoring to induce his men to fight, saw it was too late to resist, and so ordered his flag down without a struggle. It proved a rich prize, being laden with fur and a good lot of sweet oil, and was sent into Providence. Her force was six six-pounders. The Captain, on reflection, took it rather hard, it seems, for he cried all the night after the capture. He pleaded hard to be put on board his vessel just about five minutes, and have fair play, in which case he thought he could promise to blow the Diamond sky-high. Stacy, however, considered the matter better settled as it was, and consoled his captive as well as he was able. "But," groaned the poor man, "I shall never show my head in England again, at all events.—Ugh!—to be taken by such a miserable little dung-boat as this is!"

This put them in fine spirits, and they held on another week, when they came alongside another ship, which hailed from St. Johns, Captain Welch, and having no means of defence, surrendered without hesitation, and was sent into port after her predecessor; as was also a brig from Jamaica, with a cargo of rum and sugar, which was taken on the same cruise.

Hewes had another of his narrow escapes this voyage. They were cruising off the Banks of Newfoundland, when one day a foot-rope, which supported him and two more of the crew at work in the rigging, in something of a breeze, gave way, and let them all into the sea,—the vessel rising just as they fell, and knocking them under. They emerged at the stern. Ropes were thrown over, which they seized; but the vessel was under such way, that Hewes's line slipped through his fingers, till only an inch or two of it was left. This, too, was in his left hand, and he was full of water, but he told them to "haul away." Just then, one of

his partners in this awkward predicament, an Irishman, caught hold of his skirts in the rear, and gave him a tremendous lurch. He kicked with all the energy of self-defence, to save himself from this accompaniment, but luckily for Patrick, did not succeed, and they were both pulled in, while a third made out to mount a floating hen-coop, and sustain himself scathless till he could be relieved. "Well, Hewes," said the Captain, as he saw him lie down exhausted on the deck, "there is one comfort for you. You will be hanged yet, I'm sure. Don't be afraid of drowning, after this."

The cruise lasted three months, and he then returned to his friends, made provision again for their sustenance, and started off directly for Boston. Here he enlisted, or engaged to enlist, on board the Hancock, a twenty-gun ship, but not liking the manners of the Lieutenant very well, who ordered him one day in the streets to take his hat off to him,—which he refused to do for any man,—he went aboard the "Defence," Cap-

tain Smedley, of Fairfield, Connecticut. This was a ship made out of a brig, by putting in what seamstresses call a gore, which left it decidedly a crazy concern, as it soon proved. They had been out less than a fortnight, when, a heavy gale coming on, they found six feet of water one night in the hold. They went to the pumps for life, and kept at them three days and nights, when the weather cleared up, and they succeeded in stopping the chief leaks.

Soon afterwards they fell in with a French ship from Dominica, with which they communicated through the interpretation of a passenger of that nation they happened to have on board. The latter invited the Captain to sup with him, and he did so, and in the course of the interview gave information that he had parted, not long before, with two British ships, as he supposed, of a large size, with letters-of-marque, deep loaded, and bound for Jamaica. This news roused Smedley, and he could hardly wait till the Frenchman had got back to his vessel. He

then called up all hands by the boatswain, stated the case to them, and told them by what course he thought the enemy could be overhauled by the sun-an-hour-high in the morning. "And now, my boys," he added, "the question is, will you stick by me?—shall we give the rascals chase? There must be no flinching, you know. What say, boys?" They answered him at once to his mind,—went directly to work, and sat up all night preparing bandages for wounds. Two hours after sunrise, the desired objects were descried, and they crowded sail upon them, and soon came up. The Captain of the largest of the two ships hailed them—"Where are you from?"

"From Boston," shouted Smedley.

"Where are you bound?"

"On a cruise."

"Then down with them infamous colors, you scoundrels, or I'll sink you in the twinkling of an eye."

"Stop a minute," said Smedley, tipping the wink to his drummer, who struck up

Yankee Doodle; "be it known to you, two can play at that game. Hurra, my boys, where are you?"

All hands were ready. They gave three cheers. The enemy fired a broadside, and overshot them, and presently after, another, which undershot. The Captain ordered the helmsman to bear away ahead till he could return this compliment to advantage, and he then poured a volley into them, which killed seven and wounded nine of their force, including the helmsman, and cut their rudder-tackle away in such a manner that the ship was as unmanageable (to use the simile of Hewes) as a wheelbarrow without the wheel. Smedley then put his foretop-sail back, took the windward, and gave another broadside, which brought down foretop-mast and foretop-gallant-mast. He then ran up and grappled, and ordered his men to board, which was done with great promptness. They found only the British officers on deck. The men were panic-struck, and had fled below. The ship was surrendered at once,

and a valuable cargo of warlike stores found aboard. The second ship was only a mile distant all this time, and they overhauled her in two hours. Smedley ordered their colors down, and they struck without firing a gun, though they mounted sixteen. The other carried eighteen. The force of the Defence was eighteen sixes only. The second cargo proved equal to the first.

The officers of the larger ship were ordered by Smedley on board his vessel, and as they were coming in their boats, he directed his own crew to stand by with the man-ropes. Hewes was greatly surprised to recognize among them an old acquaintance by the name of Brown, who, it seems, had commanded a Boston brig belonging to Mr. John Rowe, which, in a voyage from Charlestown to Holland for stores, he had taken into Hull, (England,) and disposed of for his own benefit, since which nothing had been heard of him. "Well, Captain Brown," said Hewes, "you're nabbed at last; you see honesty is the best policy, after all."

The Captain, probably for consideration, concluded to let this fellow go, and he fixed himself out in a long-boat, duly equipped, and started for Jamaica. They afterwards learned that he reached there in nine days, and that directly on his arrival, he sent two British privateers out after the Defence. They pursued her for a long time, and were in sight all one day, but finally gave up the chase. Smedley put into Charleston next, after lying becalmed nearly six weeks of his voyage. The two ships he had captured arrived safely in Boston.

At Charleston they found the small-pox was aboard, and were ordered into quarantine for thirty days, but previous to the expiration of the term were discharged, having lost only the two men who brought the disease with them from Boston;—most of the rest of the crew, like Hewes, having had it. While here, the Governor of South Carolina, with whom Smedley had formed some acquaintance, informed him that there were two of the enemy's vessels off the harbor, which

had proved very troublesome, having taken over thirty of our craft, large and small. The Captain called all hands together, and proposed a five-day's cruise, which was agreed to unanimously,and they took a pilot aboard, and made sail at one o'clock of the same day that he took them over the bar, having nine gentlemen of the city aboard, who acted as volunteers.

After they were out, one man was ordered into the foretop-mast-head, and another to the maintop, to watch; and the former gave the alarm in less than an hour, though the distance was such that he could not distinguish the size of the enemy. The man at the maintop announced a second sail immediately after. They proved to be two sloops, and the volunteers declared them to be the object of their search, which one of the men above confirmed pretty soon, after using his glass again, by shouting to the Captain to "look out now for a mouthful." "House the guns, boys!" cried Smedley; "cover the portholes fast!" The work was soon

done, and they were hard upon the Wilful Murderer in a trice. She hailed them, and asking their destination, Captain Smedley replied,—" Alongside, you rascals! Run out your guns, boys! Down colors, plunderer, or I'll sink you on the spot." The Briton surrendered without firing a gun. The Defence then put off for *her* consort, which, seeing the fate of her companion, was crowding all sail to escape. But they were soon overtaken, and the Vengeance was also captured without exchanging a shot. The prizes were taken into Charleston before night; and great rejoicing was manifested at the success of the expedition. A salute was fired from Fort William; spirited entertainments given at the houses of several of the citizens; and flags hoisted from private dwellings all over town. In a word, in the same proportion as the Loyalists looked blank at this exhibition of Yankee prowess, their opponents were encouraged, and the cause of Liberty, on the whole, received a new impulse in the spirits even

of its champions among the gentry in town. For poor Hewes, to be sure, it was more cry than wool. A committee of the citizens disposed of the prizes, and the share of each of the hands was $250, but on some pretext or other *his* was withheld by the Captain, and he has never seen a cent of it to this day;—which we hold to be as bad as fighting for nothing, and finding one's self besides.

The prisoners taken on this occasion, with others in Charleston, to the number of five hundred, were soon afterwards sent out by the Governor to New York, and there exchanged for an equal number of Americans, of corresponding rank. One only was reserved,—an unpromising exception, too, he seemed to be, but destined to do good service. This was a huge red-headed Irishman, who had behaved so badly, and looked so fierce, that he was handcuffed. He complained of what he called his "ruffles," and presently broke them over the breech of a gun. They put on a stouter pair. He made an appeal to the feelings of the boatswain, a

fellow-countryman, which proving fruitless, he succeeded in severing his bonds again. They fastened his hands behind him the next time, and disabled him. He stood it sullenly some days, but his spirit gave way at last, and he dictated an ingenious letter to the Captain, (through the boatswain,) promising, on the faith of an Irishman, to desert if he would let him out of the limboes, which accordingly was done, and he signed the articles, went to work, and ever afterwards adhered to the cause of liberty like a man.

Good reason there was for it, to be sure, having once deserted. Hewes had an opportunity of witnessing, in Charleston, the rigor of the laws of war on our own side. An old gentleman, a Colonel of our troops, came aboard in port one day, to search among the prisoners taken from the sloops for five of his men who had run away, and had been last heard of at St. Augustine. The whole party were called on deck, and going the rounds of the lines, he recognized all five di-

rectly, and a sergeant besides, whom he had not expected to find. The latter was saved by the interposition of his wife, or rather in consideration partly of her circumstances, which she came into court and set forth most eloquently in person; but the others were shot the day after the trial.

The Defence returned directly from Charleston to Boston, meeting with no adventures on the voyage, if we except their running down a British schooner, loaded with ladies and gentlemen, Tories all, who were making their escape, with their property, to St. Augustine. They were permitted to pass unmolested, on giving up all their money, which amounted to a very considerable sum. On the whole, it was a fair cruise, for the vessel at least, if not for Hewes. He, poor fellow, never received one farthing, either of his prize-money or his wages, though the two Letters-of-marque were found in port when he reached there. Smedley put him off, on pretence of his particularly wanting the money just then—which was true,

doubtless—and Hewes never saw him after he left the vessel. It is a proof of the spirit which animated him, nevertheless, that two days after his arrival in Boston, and before he had seen his family—there being a 'hot press,' as he says, to go upon Saltonstall's proposed Penobscot expedition—Hewes eagerly volunteered to enlist. But Smedley would not then even give him a discharge from the Defence, and it turned out that his marine career was pretty much at an end.

Repeatedly after this, however, he served on shore, in the militia, and as a volunteer; principally in the duty of guarding the exposed points of the coast, between New York and Boston, from the enemy's incursions. At one time he was gone four months and a half, under the command of Captain Thomas George, protecting the Rhode Island shore. During that period, they had a sharp skirmish with the British at Cobble Hill, and beat them with some slaughter, but on their being reinforced soon after, were obliged to retreat from the Island. This was a haz-

of harm's way. To "such complexion" had he come at last—the glorious Prince of Patriots!—the man not vainly eulogised in our day as having, by his eloquence, on one of the most memorable occasions of his history, breathed into this nation the very breath of life!

Hewes was stationed, also, for a considerable period, at West Point, under General McDougal; and here was a good deal of odd fighting to be done, of much the same description; chifly with the *Cowboys* and the *Skinners*. Mr. Sparks has described these fellows in his Life of Arnold. The former were a set of people, mostly if not wholly refugees, belonging to the British side, and engaged in plundering *cattle* near the lines, and driving them to New York. The latter lived for the most part within the American lines, and professed attachment to the American cause; but in reality they were more perfidious and inhuman than the Cowboys; for the latter exhibited some fellow-feeling for their friends, whereas the Skinners com-

mitted their depredations equally upon both friends and foes. By a law of the State of New York, every person refusing to take the oath of fidelity to the State was considered as forfeiting his property. A large territory between the American and British lines, extending nearly thirty miles from north to south, was populous and highly cultivated. A person living within that space, who took the oath of fidelity, was sure to be plundered by the Cowboys; and if he did not take it, the Skinners would come down upon him, call him a Tory, and seize his property as confiscated by the State. Thus the execution of the laws was assumed by these robbers, and the innocent and the guilty were involved in a common ruin.

The civil authority endeavored to guard against these outrages, as far as it could, by legislative enactments and executive proclamations; but, from the nature of the case, this formidable conspiracy against the rights and claims of humanity could be crushed only by a military arm. The detachments

of continental troops and militia, stationed near the lines, did something to lessen the evil; yet they were not adequate to its suppression, and frequently this force was so feeble as not to afford any barrier to the inroads of the banditti. The Skinners and Cowboys often leagued together. The former would sell their plunder to the latter, taking, in exchange, contraband articles brought from New York. It was not uncommon for the farce of a skirmish to be acted near the American lines, in which the Skinners never failed to come off victorious; and they would go boldly into the interior with their booty, pretending it had been captured from the enemy, while attempting to smuggle it across the lines.

These were the people Hewes had to deal with. He was not fortunate, it must be admitted, in his antagonists. There was little money to be got by fighting them, and perhaps no glory at all. Some good was done, however. The country doubtless needed the service as much as any other. Our soldier

was in a party one night, under Captain Barney,—for this skirmishing was mostly under cover of the darkness,—which surprised twenty-five of them together in the woods; and notorious banditti they were. One of them, soon after, was bored through with a bullet by a sentry, in trying to escape from the post. The other twenty-four were hanged—we hope—"all in a row;"—but unhappily are not able to vouch for the fact.

But if Hewes failed to reach the top of the profession to which he attached himself with so much spirit,—and the failure was certainly not for lack of the spirit,—the case is perhaps for that reason none the less fairly illustrative of the peculiar circumstances in that period which have entitled it to be called the time that tried men's souls. Most of all did this hard, hazardous, and poorly-rewarded service test the patriotism and the heroism of just that portion of the people, who could be suspected of none *but* patriotic motives, in the aid which they rendered so freely as they did to their country's cause;

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those of the humble classes, we mean; the mass of the people, at large; such as had little property to fight for, or to lose, on one hand, and could reasonably expect to gain still less, either in the way of emolument or distinction, on the other. The population of the country towns of New England,—of which our veteran was in humble circumstances enough to be taken, perhaps, for a fair sample,—was mostly of this description; and their sacrifices and exertions were almost incredible, in their municipal and their individual capacities alike. Let anybody who doubts it—or who wishes to know what an enlightened people *can* do, who are resolved to be free—consult the records of almost any of these towns. Let him go to those of Wrentham, for one. Let him look over the tax-bills, the alarm-lists, the levies of militia. He will find, not a few citizens only, like Hewes, occasionally drafted to serve, year after year, and leaving their households, meanwhile, in the easily-to-be-imagined condition that his must have been

in; but not unfrequently, almost the whole able-bodied yeomanry of a town, it would seem, in such a service. If not so, those who now and then got a few months' vacation, to be spent in extraordinary exertions to provide for suffering families—in preparation for being called off, or going without being called, again—these were meanwhile summoned, perhaps, to contribute a large share of their hard earnings, in the form of "classes" or otherwise, to support somebody to serve in their own place. This somebody, as Hewes sometimes found to his cost, must be paid in specie, while Government paid *him—Government money*;—of which the character scarcely needs now-a-days to be more particularly described than by that significant phrase. Dr. Thatcher, in his History of Plymouth, speaks of a man who, about this time, sold a *cow* for forty dollars, and not long after gave the same sum for a *goose!* A soldier forwarded fifty dollars in a letter to his wife, from the army, and she paid the whole of it for a quarter of tough

mutton. Persons now living in Boston will tell us of giving eleven hundred dollars for a good load of wood. Such was the "Continental Currency;" and such the reward of the humble heroes who bought, with the precious currency which filled their own veins, the freedom of a country too poor to find them in arms and shoes for the service.

These were men,—says one who has done justice to the unknown multitude, as well as the famous few whom he here speaks of,—"these were all men who have gained a separate renown; who have secured a place for their names in the annals of liberty. But let us not, while we pay a well-deserved tribute to their memory, forget the thousand gallant hearts which poured out their life-blood in the undistinguished ranks; who followed the call of duty up to the cannon's mouth; who could not promise themselves the meed of fame, and, Heaven knows, could have been prompted by no hope of money; the thousands who pined in loathsome prison-ships, or languished with the diseases of

the camp; and, returning from their country's service, with broken fortunes and ruined constitutions, sunk into an early grave.

> How sleep the brave who sink to rest
> With all their country's wishes blest.
> When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
> Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
> She there shall dress a sweeter sod
> Than fancy's feet have ever trod.
> There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
> To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
> And Freedom shall awhile repair,
> To dwell, a weeping hermit, there."

But something is due to the living as well as to the dead; the grave should not be the only price of the gratitude at least which we owe; and well therefore does the orator add: "Still less let us forget the venerable *survivors* of the eventful contest. Let us rejoice that so many are spared to enjoy the fruits of their efforts and sacrifices. Let us behold, in their gray locks and honorable scars, the strongest incentives to the discharge of every duty of the citizen and patriot; and, above all, let us listen to the strong appeal,

which the whole army of the Revolution makes to us, through these its aged surviving members, to show our gratitude to those who fell, by smoothing the pathway to the grave of those whom years, and the early hardships of the service, yet spare for a short time among us."*

The history of the subject of this memoir, if an "undistinguished" one during the struggle for independence, has been more so since its close; more so in proportion to the humbleness of the condition to which he returned from the war, and to the prosperity of the country which has needed his labors no more. Much of the time he has passed with his descendants,—(having had fifteen children,)—in the State of New York; latterly with his son Robert, at Richfield, Otsego county, some sixty miles west of the Hudson. His native place he was destined to revisit, for the first time, in 1821, after an absence of between thirty and forty years, not having seen it since the conclusion of his ca-

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* Edward Everett's Address at Worcester.

reer at sea, till then. What emotions must have filled the old man's bosom, as he looked, at the age of nearly eighty years, on the vast variety of scenes around him,—most familiar and most strange, together;—the venerable traces of antiquity seeming silently to welcome him home again, but in the midst of the rush of new and populous generations, which had heard not of so much as the name of the hoary pilgrim who leaned on his staff, and gazed with wondering and dreamy wistfulness on the haunts of other days, as they passed him. Something, we say, was left to be recognized; something which time had spared, and which man could not destroy. But what changes had taken place in Boston during the interval of his absence! The very hills were cut down, —the valleys and ponds filled up,—streets built over "made land,"—the names altered of the few scattered relics which remained as they were of old. The shop he had worked in—nobody alive had heard of it. The house in which he was born, not the ground it

stood on even could be found. If he asked for *Griffin's Wharf* itself, it was but a sorry chance that one of a thousand of those he encountered in the streets could inform him of so much as where it had been. The city was a solitude—a vast solitude—a wilderness of men. A painter might make much of such circumstances, but words can do little to represent them. Very rarely during the few days he spent here, some person would seem to be trying to remember him. He stood in the market one morning, in a crowd, when an aged man slowly approached (perhaps Melville)—looked at his face a few moments—walked slowly away—turned suddenly—stood motionless a few moments, as if dreaming—and then approached and studied his features again. It turned out to be a member of the Tea-Party; and they stepped aside and talked over old times by themselves for half an hour, and parted to meet no more!

During the last season, at the age of ninety-three, he has been among us again, pro-

bably for the last time, and has received, in every section of the country through which he has passed (with his son) the honors due to his services in the cause of the republic, and to the firmness with which he has maintained, from first to last, the principles of republican freedom. It is gratifying to perceive, from such examples, that neither rank, wealth, nor any other adventitious circumstances, are yet considered necessary to secure to the old veteran the affectionate and grateful respect which is elicited by his history alone.

Ninety-three years is an advanced age for a traveller, but the present health of Mr. Hewes gives reason to believe that many more yet remain for him. Both his mental and bodily faculties are wonderfully hale. He converses with almost the promptness of middle life. His eyesight remains. His memory is extraordinary, as the writer of this memoir has had many occasions to know, which have absolutely astonished him. We are not sure that he could not

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walk the road from Wrentham to Boston almost as well now as ever. His journey to this city in 1821 was made in a wagon, and cost him five days' severe riding, which, however, seems to have made no impression on his hardy frame.

We have before remarked, that he has had but two periods of serious illness during his life; including an attack of the small-pox. The secrets of this remarkable longevity and health, are to be found, first, doubtless, in a good constitution, which includes the consideration of the cheerfulness and evenness of temper which have always distinguished him; but, next to these, in the habits of living he has scrupulously sustained. He has been an industrious man, and this was in his favor. To his poverty, also, he is indebted for the simple fare which is best adapted to support health and strength. He has always been an early riser. His temperance, above all, has been strict; he has eaten and drunk with moderation as well as regularity. He makes it a rule to rise from

the table with an appetite, and another to partake of but a single dish at a meal.

With these habits, there is reason for believing that the Veteran of the Tea-Party may yet be spared many years, to witness the results, more and more, of the hardy struggles of that generation with whom he was born and bred.

And one thing more we hope he will see, if he returns yet again to the soil of his nativity; or his descendants—and that soon—if he does not. We hope that he, and they, and all of us,—and the posterity which may stand here in our places when we shall be but dust and ashes,—will be able, when the memory of that glorious contest is revived, and the story repeated, as it deserves to be, in the ears of successive ages, to point to worthier and more enduring monuments of many of its scenes, than the gratitude of this generation has yet found leisure to erect. Boston is full of spots "steeped with the hues of sacrifice." Let them be marked out, and consecrated to everlasting homage, ere it is

yet too late. The site of the Massacre is one. That of the Tea-Party is another. If no graven column shall rise upon that ground, to utter its silent eulogy of the brave band who hazarded their all for us, let not the imputation rest upon us that we know not, or dare not avow, the place. Griffin's Wharf! Let the good old name, at least, be restored, and preserved forever!

APPENDIX.

No. I.

[From the American Traveller of Aug. 28, 1835.]

MR. HEWES. The Transcript of Tuesday gave the actual age of Mr. Geo. R. T. Hewes, who is only *ninety-three*, as appears by the records of the town of Boston. That paper of yesterday has the following paragraph:

"OLD MR. HEWES. The records of the Old South Church confirm the Boston Record of Births, in relation to the age of Mr. Hewes. We find it there recorded that he was christened Sept. 26, 1742, (O. S.) It seems that the family record of his birth, if any was ever made, has long been lost, and his children knew no means of ascertaining his age, until his late visit to Boston, when he remarked that he was christened at the Old South, and that his baptism would be found recorded there. His grandson has since examined the Records of that Church, and satisfied himself that the old gentleman had forgotten his age, and is only ninety-three. We mention this part in justice to his sons and grandsons, lest it should be thought they wished to deceive the public into the belief that he was an hundred years old."

It should be mentioned in addition, that the old gentleman was led to believe himself in his hundredth year by those not of his family, who knew him while he resided in this State. A

gentleman called to see him at South Boston on the 4th of July, who stated in the hearing of many, that he was well acquainted with him a long time in Attleborough; and that, from the age of his own father, who, if living, would have been one hundred years old next October, he was certain that Mr. Hewes was right, as he said it was matter of notoriety in that town that Hewes was older than his father. There was also a gentleman in Providence, and another in Portland, who corroborated this statement from similar data. The veteran's friends, we know, deeply regret any mistake in this matter; but they are, in some measure, consoled by the reflection, that they may now reasonably expect his longer continuance with them, than if his age was at the extreme point which has generally been supposed.

No. II.

Dr. Smith, in his Oration delivered on the 4th of July, 1835, before the citizens of South Boston, (at which our hero was present and treated with distinguished honor,) made the following remarks, among others, in reference to the subject treated in the text:

" After the conflagration of Charlestown, the King's troops were principally stationed on Bunker Hill, and on the Neck, near the location of the well-known *Green Store*, where a redoubt of considerable magnitude was erected. Our forces, in the mean time, were stationed in Roxbury, Cambridge, and Dorchester, and therefore completely cut off from all intercourse with their friends in the town. From all that can be gathered of the actual state of public feeling, all were anxious for some

decisive blow. Washington, unquestionably, conceived the plan of making an attack, as the only means of liberating the suffering inhabitants.

"It should not be lost to history, that while all these rigorous exactions were enforced, countrymen were allowed to convey vegetables over the lines, occasionally, for the tables of those who could indulge in such luxuries. Carts being less common then than now, it was customary to carry this kind of marketing in panniers, on horseback, through the streets and lanes. As an evidence of the shrewdness and determined spirit which animated the people of that day, the following anecdote cannot be unacceptable:

"George Minot, a Dorchester farmer, and son of John Minot, one of the Selectmen, went so frequently on these excursions, that the guard at the Green Store became quite remiss in the examination of the returning panniers, in which he was in the constant habit of bringing out powder for the powderless patriots who constituted Washington's army of observation. In that humble capacity, he rendered invaluable service to his country. There being little or nothing in the town treasury, from which to draw purchase money in support of this singular but well-timed traffic, the father advanced it to the persons of whom it was thus clandestinely procured, trusting to the justness of the claim on the government he clearly foresaw must rise on the ruins of the colonial wreck. His confidence was not misplaced. It became a funded debt, and with it he purchased a part of Thompson's Island, now the location of the Farm School, of the Rev. Dr. William Walter, then rector of Trinity Church.

"On another occasion, the same individual being permitted to enter the town with an ox-team for offals, driven by a colored servant, purposely kept out of the way till the load was

ready, which reached home safely, with a four-pound cannon at the bottom. A few days after, as the honest negro again leisurely drove up to the sentinel's post, he was asked, 'Well, Cuffee, what are you stealing to-day?' 'Oh, same sort of stuff, massa,' answered the Ethiop, and thus a second gun was adroitly procured of the Boston Selectmen. These same pieces were exchanged by the Dorchester Artillery, not many years since, for others of a larger size; but it is believed they might easily be identified, and they should be kept by the town as choice keepsakes for posterity."

We subjoin, in this connection, the orator's allusion to Mr. Hewes, who, on the delivery of the portion of it addressed to himself, rose, in his place at the festive board, supported by our venerable fellow-citizen, Col. Henry Purkitt, one of the few of his associates in the memorable Party who still survive:

"Nearly the last of that fearless company of patriots who constituted the celebrated Boston Tea-Party, is now before the audience! This is Mr. George Robert Twelves Hewes, formerly a citizen of Boston, who, on the verge of eternity, earnestly desired to revisit the early scenes of his youth, that his eyes might be gladdened with objects in which they once delighted. How wonderful!—nearly one hundred years of age!—yet in the full possession of his faculties, and susceptible of all the enjoyments and pleasures of social intercourse.

"Let the youth who have this rare opportunity of gazing upon the features of this extraordinary, this last man, as it were, remember the circumstance, that in their old age they may say to their children, they saw on the 4th of July, 1835, a man who assisted in throwing into the ocean three cargoes of tea, in order to resist the exactions of foreign taskmasters;—and may

the spirit which animated him on that remarkable occasion, live in them and their posterity, while home has endearments, and true patriotism exists in the land which gave them birth.

"Venerable old man! May heaven's choicest blessings rest upon your frosted head. Since you were born, three hundred millions of human beings have probably gone down to the grave—and yet you are spared, perhaps by Divine Providence, to be a living monitor to us to cherish our precious institutions, and to transmit them unimpaired to succeeding generations. Though you come to the land of your childhood leaning upon a staff, and feeling your dependence on the charities of a selfish world, you are surrounded by friends who feel that their prosperity is referable to the privations, sacrifices and personal labors of you and your brave associates in arms. May your last days be peaceful, calm, and happy—and with your last breath, I beseech you invoke a blessing on our common country."

No. III.

There is curious authority extant regarding this point, as well as some others, in a portion of the original Journal of the Dartmouth, an extract of which we annex, merely remarking that the writer of it, in his situation, would perhaps be as likely as any person to exaggerate the numbers of the crowd:

Extract from the Journal of the ship Dartmouth, from London to Boston, 1773.

"Sunday, Nov. 28. This 24 hours first part fresh breezes, hazy weather, with rain at times. At sunset fetched close in with the *Graves;* tacked to the southward. At 10, P. M.,

came to anchor about two miles from the Light-House, got our boat out, and went on shore for the pilot. At 4, A. M., the pilot, Mr. Minzey, came on board. At 6, got under way, wind WNW. turned up Ship Channel,and came to anchor in King's Road. At 11, the tide being ebb, got under way, and turned up and came to anchor under the Admiral's stern. At 10 at night, two Custom-House officers were boarded upon us by the Castle, we being the first ship ever boarded in this manner, which happened on account of our having the East India Company's *accursed dutiable Tea* on board.

"Monday, Nov. 29. This 24 hours pleasant weather, lying at anchor under the Admiral's stern; the Captain went on shore, there being *a great disturbance about the Tea*. A town-meeting was held, which came to a resolution the Tea should never be landed. Had a guard of 25 men come on board this night at 9, P. M.

"Tuesday, Nov. 30. This 24 hours cloudy weather; got under way, and turned up to Rowe's wharf. Employed unbending the sails, getting our boats out, &c. A watch of 25 men on board this night, *to see that the Tea is not landed.*

"Wednesday, Dec. 1. This 24 hours cloudy weather: warped from Rowe's to Griffin's wharf; got out old junk and moored ship—getting our sails and cables on shore.

" Thursday, Dec. 2. Cloudy weather; began to deliver our goods, and continued to land them from day to day, till Saturday, Dec. 11, having a guard of 25 men every night.

"Tuesday, Dec. 14. Have had another town-meeting, which is adjourned to Thursday.

"Thursday, Dec. 16. This 24 hours rainy weather; town-meeting this day. Between six and seven o'clock this evening came down to the wharf a body of about *one thousand people;*—among them were a number *dressed and whooping*

like Indians. They came on board the ship, and after warning myself and the Custom-House officer to get out of the way, they unlaid the hatches and went down the hold, where was eighty whole and thirty-four half chests of Tea, which they hoisted upon deck, and cut the chests to pieces, and hove the Tea all overboard, where it was damaged and lost."

We will subjoin here, also, a list which has been furnished us by an aged Bostonian, well acquainted with the history of our subject, of the persons generally supposed, within his knowledge, on traditionary or other evidence, to have been more or less actively engaged in or present at the destruction of the Tea; an asterisk being attached to the names of those known to be living. If it be not correct,—as of course it is not complete,—we know of no better way than thus to expose the list to the correction of those who are better informed.

Geo. R. T. Hewes*
Joseph Shed
John Crane
Jonah Wheeler
Thomas Urann
Adam Colson
Thomas Chase
S. Coolidge
Joseph Payson
James Brewer
Thomas Bolter
Edward Proctor
Samuel Sloper
Thomas Gerrish
Nathaniel Green
Thomas Melville
Henry Purkitt*
Edward C. How
Ebenezer Stevens
Nicholas Campbell
John Russell
Thomas Porter
William Hendley
Benjamin Rice
Samuel Gore
Nathaniel Frothingham
Moses Grant
Peter Slater*
James Starr
Abraham Tower

Isaac Simpson*
Joseph Eayrs
Joseph Lee
William Molineux
Paul Revere
John Spurr
Thomas Moore
S. Howard
Matthew Loring
Thomas Spear
Daniel Ingollson
Jonathan Hunnewell*
John Hooton*
Richard Hunnewell
William Pierce*
William Russell
T. Gammell
Mr. McIntosh*
Dr. Young
Mr. Wyeth
Edward Dolbier
Mr. Martin
Samuel Peck
Lendall Pitts
Samuel Sprague*
Benjamin Clarke
John Prince*
Richard Hunnewell, Jr.

We insert Mr. Clarke's name on the authority of a near relative, now of advanced age, but most accurate memory, who believes that three of his sons were also present. If they were not, it was not because *she* failed to make their faces that evening "a little blacker than they ever were before."

The Mr. McIntosh mentioned above is said to be still living in Vermont. Mr. Peter McIntosh, of this city, was at that time a blacksmith's apprentice, and upon the mention of the fact spoken of in the text,—that some of the Party ran into such places to disguise their faces hastily with the soot,—recals the circumstance that several of them visited his master's premises with that view. He remembers Spear, among them.

Purkitt, Sprague, (father of Charles Sprague,) and Hooton —all living—were also apprentices, about of the same age, and not far from eighteen years old. Purkitt, with Dolbier, was an apprentice with Peck, the cooper, in Essex Street—the

same mentioned above;—and he speaks of their hearing, at their work in the evening, (having left the door of their shop open,) the loud *whistle* (the famous whistle of our friend Hewes, doubtless) which roused them, and which they followed till it brought them to the wharf. Their part of the play there was chiefly to jump over into the flats by the side of one of the vessels—for it was nearly low tide (Hooton says just beginning to flow)—and, with other boys, by direction of the commander, beat up more thoroughly the fragments of boxes and masses of tea, which were thrown over in too great haste. They found their return upon deck a good deal facilitated by the immense pile which accumulated beneath and around them. This commander acted as a sort of *interpreter* for the persons,—apparently some five or six aboard each vessel,—who especially assumed the Indian guise. These were no doubt (whoever they were) among the principal immediate directors of the whole affair. They affected to issue their orders from time to time in an Indian jargon, and the interpreter then to communicate "what the Chiefs said;"—the procuring of keys and lights, the raising of the *derrick,* trampling the tea in the flats, sweeping the decks at the close of the scene, calling the *mate* up to report whether every thing (except the tea, of course) was left as they found it, &c. being regulated in this manner, through the medium of the Chiefs. Purkitt and Dolbier went home early. Peck, who was believed to be one of the Chiefs, came in, rather softly, at one in the morning. The boys noticed some relics of *red paint* behind his ears the next day. The only tools they used were both made of a *stave*, before they started.

Hooton remembers a person, who looked like a countryman, coming up, with a small boat, close under the side of the vessel he boarded, evidently for the purpose of getting off with

a cargo for his own use. He, and three or four other "North-Enders," as full of spirits as himself, being directed to dislodge the interloper, jumped over and beat up the poor man's canoe from under him in the twinkling of an eye.

Mr. Sprague's reminiscences accord with those of persons older at the time, without adding any thing material. He remembers being addressed from the hold of one of the vessels, about which he was busily engaged, by some one who knew him, and made signs to him from below to cover his countenance with some disguise; whereupon, it seems, he made the best of his way to a small house near the head of the wharf, with a wooden chimney, out of the top of which he soon collected a substance that answered the purpose of the hint of his unknown friend. Sprague was apprenticed with Mr. Ethridge, who interested himself a good deal in the tea matter; but no conversation on the affair of the 16th ever took place between them.

Including Mr. Hunnewell, now of Roxbury, and our venerable fellow-citizen, Dr. Prince of Salem, and exclusive of Slater of Worcester, and McIntosh, (both of whom we suppose to be living,) it would seem that there are at least seven survivors of that Party which destroyed the tea, or of the company who witnessed the act of destruction. Mr. Hewes we suppose to be the oldest. It is worthy of remark that the various reminiscences with which they and others of that generation have furnished the writer, regarding the affair in question, in no instance conflict with each other to any extent requiring to be noticed. The only point of diversity, almost, concerns the weather of the evening. It is stated in the text to have been quite light; moonlight is the supposition; but it is proper to remark that one of our authorities, though not a spectator of the scene itself, thinks that the moon was that night in its

last quarter;—she remembers its gleam on the "winrow" of tea at high tide in the harbor, which she looked out upon from a room on Washington Street, at the South End. It matters but little, either way. We mention it as an illustration of the nicety with which such apparent trifles were observed, and are still remembered, or thought to be so.

Mr. Simpson is understood to be living at Saco, Me.

Two or three specimens of the tea, additional to that mentioned in the text, are preserved.

John Russell, above-named, was father of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Major Russell, who, though then a school-boy, well remembers seeing the old gentleman and Mr. T. Moore painting each other's faces, that evening, with lampblack and red-ochre, through the window of *his* woodhouse.

Mr. Hunnewell was but a boy of fourteen years of age. His brother Richard was sixteen. His father, a mason, acted as one of the Indians, and he remembers the remains of the paint on his face.

The details of this Appendix—trivial, some of them, we are aware—have been added to the volume mostly in this form, from the circumstance of their having been suggested to the writer subsequent to the printing, as well as the composition, of the text.

"The British firm whose tea was thrown overboard at the 'Boston Tea Party' in 1773 is still active today. — (1933)

Davison, Newman + Company, London, grocers and teamen, entered a 200-pound debt in their books after the famous incident, and went on doing business as they had since 1650

See Old-Time New England
V 23, Jan. 1933, p. 125.

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